THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

March, 1801.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. OPIE.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

WHILE we sketch the biography of those women whom learning and genius have rendered illustrious, but who disdain not to mingle the modest wreath of domestic duty with the proud laurel of public fame; while we behold them practical examples of the utility of mental cultivation, and living arguments as proof of the equality of mind, how warmly do we exult!---The amiable subject of this short Memoir has an undoubted claim to such an eulogium.

Mrs. Opie is the daughter of Dr. Alderson, of Norwich, a Physician of eminence, and a man of brilliant reputation. She early distinguished herself by the composition of Poems, Novels, and Plays, many of which have been published without a name.

Some years back, the Plays of Miss Alderson were acted under her father's eye at Norwich, in a theatre which that indulgent parent had fitted up for his daughter's amusement: the principal performers in these interesting dramas were Miss Alderson, the Miss Plumptrees, their brother, and several gentlemen distinguished for merit and talents.

But not to theatrical exhibitions alone does Mrs. Opie confine her genius: she unites to a most melodious voice the highest skill of science and taste. Mrs. Opie is considered the best private performer upon the piano-forte and harp, and is deeply read in the French, Italian, and German authors.

To praise this Lady's poetical Works would be superfluous; the public require *no* guide to point out the beautiful simplicity of their style, the tenderness of their thoughts, and the melody of their verse.

Miss Alderson became the wife of Mr. Opie three or four years ago; and if an union with genius, sense, and virtue, can bestow happiness, we may safely call her happy.

In her person Mrs. Opie is tall, and uncommonly graceful; and her animated features, *more* than *pretty*, and rather *less* than *beautiful*, display with peculiar expression the energies of mind, and the luxuriance of youth. Mrs. Opie is often acknowledged handsome, but always allowed to be charming.

M.

SINGU-

SINGULAR NOTIONS OF BEAUTY.

THE females of the kingdom of Burmah, in the East Indies, are most distinguished for beauty when possessed of very *long ears:* for this purpose it is common, when females are very young, to hang weights to their ears, which make them exceedingly long when they attain the age of maturity, and in these they wear a prodigious number of rings and other ornaments.

A CURIOUS LETTER.

Dear father,

I WRITE to you this day, which is Monday, and send it by the messenger, who goes from here to-morrow (Tuesday); he will be in London by Wednesday, and you will receive my letter on Thursday. You'll please to let me have the money by Friday; if not, I shall quit this place on Saturday, and be with you on Sunday.

Your dutiful son,

———.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XXXIII.

AT every age our sex is fond of attention, perhaps of admiration; and, though I have long ceased to expect the incense of compliment to my person, or the language of love to my heart, I confess that I am not a little gratified by the respect which seems to be paid to my well-meant endeavours. My correspondents increase as I am better known; and my Fair Readers seem to repose such confidence in my judgment, and show such eagerness to obtain my opinion on several important subjects, that I cannot but flatter myself that my labours have been in

some measure agreeable, and I trust, at the same time, not destitute of utility.

From the numerous letters that have lately been addressed to me at my worthy publisher's, who zealously cooperates with me in furnishing an excellent monthly miscellany for the ladies, I select the following; not because they are the most valuable, but because they appear to require some answer. If my reply is given in a sententious manner, like the oracles of old, it must be excused on the present occasion, particularly as I am neither fed nor bribed.

Dear Madam,

A VERY ugly disagreeable fellow has presumed to pester me with his addresses; and, what vexes me most, I cannot dismiss him with the contempt I wish, because he is sanctioned by my parents. My father says, that he has a good fortune, and that his face must not be looked at; my mother, into whose good graces he has insinuated himself, constantly dins in my ears his modesty, sobriety, and love of decorum; and generally concludes with observing, that, though he is not very handsome, he will not make the worse husband; and that I am, for this reason, more likely to keep him to myself. Now, dear Madam, I am so far from wishing to keep him to myself, that I shall be much obliged to any one who will take him off my hands, for, I vow, I cannot bear him; nor will I ever consent to be his, whatever may be the consequences. What would you have me do in this pitiable case?---disoblige my parents, whom I really love, or make myself miserable for life?——It is, I am sensible, only an alternative of evils; but one of them, I fear, must be adopted.

I am, dear Madam, very respectfully,
Your's,
CLARINDA HATEUGLY.

THE

THE Old Woman presents her compliments to Miss Clarinda Hateugly, and thinks, that, if she is so unfashionable as to determine to marry for love, or so weak as to marry for beauty, she ought, at least, to state her objections to her present suitor in such terms as may convince her parents that she cannot be happy with the person they approve of. There are few who would sacrifice a daughter for life, if they were satisfied that she must be miserable with the object of their choice; but she ought well to consult her own heart before she decides, and not suffer herself to be guided by whim or caprice on such a momentous occasion.

Dear Old Woman,

YOU will eternally oblige me by giving me your consent to run away with sweet Mr. Caper, my dancing-master, who has won my entire affection by the elegance of his address and the beauty of his form; and has long urged me to elude the vigilance of my governess, and accompany him to Gretna Green. My guardians, perhaps, might not like the scheme; but in five years more they will have no control over me, and in that time they will cool, if they should be incensed against Mr. Caper and me at first. Say but the word that you approve of the plan, and I shall be ever your's,

LETITIA LOVEDANCE.

LETITIA Lovedance is such a giddy correspondent, that I fear she will contemn my advice. If it is her misfortune to have been duped into a correspondence with a fellow whose only merit, probably, lies in his heels and his dress, the sooner she discards him the better. A journey to Gretna Green has seldom turned out auspiciously; and Miss Letitia does not appear, from her age, her sentiments, or her lover, to stand a better chance than those who have played the fool before her.

Oh! dear! dear!

My only delight was in reading novels and romances, which have given me such a turn for adventure, that I am really in love, though I cannot for the soul of me fix on any particular object. Mamma says that I am strangely altered, for I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep, as I used to do; and my colour comes and goes, while my heart beats at every sound, in hopes that some Adonis is coming to throw himself at my feet: mamma imputes all this to the turn of my reading, and has cruelly locked up all my books, except a bible, and some volumes of religion. I tell her, that I cannot live upon such amusement, and that I shall die of *ennui*, unless she restores me the dear, sentimental, feeling, affecting, and entertaining books on which I have so long feasted. Pray, speak a good word for me in favour of novels and such like compositions, and command the everlasting gratitude of

ELIZA LANGUISH.

A MOTHER ought to be the best judge of what books are proper for a daughter to read; and it is the duty of every good child to listen to her parents' advice. My opinion of novels and romances has been freely given already.

My good Old Lady,

I DARE say that you know what's what; and, when you had a husband, did not like to be snubbed by him, but to have a will of your own. It is my misfortune to be married to a sneaking cur, who is always talking of the difficulties of the times, the dearness of provisions, and the expenses of house-keeping, whenever I want to go to the play, take a jaunt to a watering-place, or lay out a few guineas with a milliner, merely to be like other people of my rank and situation in life. Would you believe it!---The other day he flew into a passion,

sion, because I proposed having about ten card-tables in our house at a Christmas entertainment; and next evening to invite about forty or fifty of my neighbours to a little social hop! He swore that there should be no card-playing in his house, further than to amuse an idle hour with an old friend and crony or two; and, as for dancing, he would break the fidler's head with his own instrument who dared to set a foot within the street door.

"What!" exclaimed he, "are you determined to ruin me?——No, Madam!---I think of my family; and I will have no feasting, nor extravagance, nor jaunting, nor dancing, nor play-house, nor opera, till better times arrive:"--- and then, lowering his voice, he added,——"God only knows when they will arrive!"

I was nettled, I confess; and told him, that he might expose himself, but he should not expose me; that the company were invited, and, if he chose the mean office of porter, he might oppose their entrance, but I should prepare for them. He now reddened with indignation; assured me that I should not have *his* company on the occasion; and sarcastically observed, that, if I had so much money to throw away, he thought I might lay it out more pleasantly and honourably in relieving the necessities of the poor, than in setting an example of dissipation.

"The poor, indeed!" said I. "You are the poorest creature I ever knew; and it is impossible for any woman of spirit to live with a man who has such low ideas."

I will not repeat all that passed: words ran high, I assure you, Madam; but my gentleman would not submit, and was resolved to show himself master. He sent messages to all my friends, that particular business prevented us from seeing them at the time appointed; ordered the carriage, and drove me to a dull melancholy seat he has in the country, where I have never left my room since we arrived; nor will I see any of his friends till he takes me back to dear London.

Am

Am not I in the right, Madam?——Do publish this, to show my headstrong cur, and other snarlers like him, that women of taste and fashion are not to be guided by the *times*, nor deprived of their amusements out of pity for the *poor*, who have a parish to go to, if they want relief. In so doing you will oblige your's, ever,

FANNY FRUMPISH.

I WOULD not have published this letter, had it not been to expose my weak and vain correspondent, Mrs. Frumpish, who seems to have so little regard for her husband, her family, or the duties which she owes to society, that she ought to be held up as a mirror to deter, and an object to disgust. The reflecting will certainly think of the present *times* on account of themselves; the benevolent, if they have any superfluities, will appropriate them to the *poor*, and not waste them in the folly of dissipation, and the frippery of dress.

FELIX TO ALONZO.

[In continuation from page 95.]

LETTER II.

THE arguments which you have urged from your wife are all excellent, my dear Alonzo; but they are not adapted for *me:* I have a strange heart, which must be indulged.——What should I have done had I remained in Spain? After the first transport of that grief which stunned my very soul, I should have rushed into company, I should have flown into the arms of Dissipation, and drowned with her voice the agonizing cries of my wounded heart. Was it not wiser, then, as well as better, to seek amusement where only it could be temperately sought? Was it not wiser to fly from the horror of solitude in a great city, or the fearful dangers of its pleasures, to *that* solitude, which, while it leaves the soul free to complain, gradually

sooths

sooths and consoles it. In town, I was always brooding over the *death* of my friend; in the country, I am perpetually reminded of his *immortality*.

Believe me, I have no longer alternate fits of gloom and fierceness, but have become calm, gentle, and resigned. A tender sadness, which purifies without torturing my heart, is now all the pain which Cesario's loss has occasioned me: then, why would you have me return? Why would you tell me, that in the savage grandeur of Switzerland I shall *nurse* my grief?——Do not think so: every thing around me is interesting---every scene is elevating. I am insensibly drawn from myself to others, and can no longer say, *Felix is miserable*.

You still urge me to make acquaintance.——What have *I* to do with acquaintance? I have fled from the insipidity of Spanish splendor, and shall I search for awkward magnificence amidst these shades?——No!---no!---The innocent Swiss girls, their brothers, their lovers, have a thousand times more charms for me. You would smile to see me familiarize myself amongst them: I join in their dances, I assist them in their rustic concerts, and I partake of their simple meals with as much ease as if I were born in one of the Cantons. The higher orders of people here look down upon me with contempt, and some of them have reported that I am deranged: but I laugh at all this. I am tasting a luxury, delightful to such a mind as mine; I am seeing Nature in the garb of Truth; I have found out that there can be as much good sense and humanity in a Swiss cottager as in a Spanish grandee. I suppose you will chide me for not having visited the family you were so intimate with here; indeed, I called with your letter, but they were gone to Zurich: they never come to this house till late in the season. I left the letter, however; and so they may send for me, if they wish it.

I am not very eager for the interview, I acknowledge; if they be like all the rest of the wealthy here, I shall not be much indebted to them. The account which you give

of

of their daughter Louisa amuses me: to be sure, these wild regions would engender romantic thoughts, so I pardon you.——Adieu!

FELIX.

MISCHIEFS OF THE CABINET OF FASHION.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

I AM the mother of a large family of full-grown daughters, and reside in a remote town on the coast of Devonshire: by accident, lately, the first five volumes of your MUSEUM unfortunately fell into our hands; and the reading "The Cabinet of Fashion," &c., has almost turned the heads of my unfortunate daughters. I hear of nothing, now, but *Grecian* drapery, and all the frippery of foreign absurdity. My eldest girl, Mary, now insists on being called *Maria;* the second, Betsy, has adopted the name of *Eliza;* the third, Nelly, is now *Eleonora;* and the fourth has absolutely changed her christian appellation from Sarah to that of *Seraphina!*——In dress they are also metamorphosed; they are so thinly clad, that the two youngest are already martyrs to the rheumatism; whilst the eldest girls, who have fine flaxen hair, light eyebrows, and fair complexions, have sent to a neighbouring town for jet-black wigs.

Now, Mr. Editor, let me just mention another circumstance of considerable importance:---these infatuated girls, who were patterns of piety, and models of morality, amuse themselves every Sunday evening in singing, dancing, and playing at cards; they expose their persons by a style of dress absolutely indecent; and, when I remonstrate on the absurdity of their conduct, and on the peril their *reputation* will sustain, they tell me, with a smile of indifference, that, in the circles of fashion, *reputation* is wholly exploded.

Your

Your publishing this letter will, perhaps, tend to their reformation; at least, it will evince the displeasure of,

Your's,

MARGARET MATRON.

ANECDOTE OF MILTON,

Not mentioned by his Biographer.

MILTON, when a student at Cambridge, was extremely handsome. One day, in the summer, overcome with heat, and fatigued with walking, he laid himself down at the foot of a tree, and slept. During his sleep, two ladies passed by in a carriage. The beauty of the young student attracted their attention: they got out of their carriage, and, after having contemplated his beauty some time, without his waking, the youngest lady, who was very handsome, took a pencil from her pocket, and wrote some lines on a piece of paper, and, tremblingly, put them into his hand. The two ladies returned to their carriage, and passed on.

Milton's fellow-students, who were seeking for him, observed this silent scene at a distance, without knowing it to be him who was sleeping: on approaching, and knowing their associate, they waked him, and told him what had passed. He opened the paper which was in his hand, and read, to his great astonishment, these lines from Guarini:—

" Occhi, stelle mortali,
" Ministri de mici mali,
" Se chiusi m' uccedite,
" Apperti che farete?"

which may be translated thus:——" Beautiful eyes, mortal stars, authors of my misfortunes!—if you wound me being closed, what would ye do if open?"

This strange adventure awakened Milton's sensibility; and from that moment, filled with the desire of finding the unknown

unknown Fair, he some years afterwards travelled throughout Italy. His ideas of her (says our French author) worked incessantly in the imagination of this wonderful poet; and to that, in part, is England indebted for the Poem of "Paradise Lost."

A MODE OF WRITING AMONG THE TURKS.

THE art of writing is not general among the Turks; and, when they are in love with a person to whom they cannot have easy access, they have a mode of writing their sentiments without pen, ink, or paper, by the means of flowers, fruits, woods, silks, stuffs, and colours, of which they make a packet, each article having an allegorical sense: this packet they call a *selam*.

Those who employ this mode of communication have always a casket full of things to compose a *selam*. They have a dictionary, which they know by art, of the allusions they wish to give by their flowers, &c. Thus,

An ambret signifies, *We are both of one mind.*

A piece of a rose bush---*I weep continually, but you deride my tears.*

A piece of cloth---*I am tired with your importunities.*

A piece of canvas or buckram---*We shall be together to-morrow.*

A piece of silk---*You have gained my mind.*

A looking-glass---*I am ready to sacrifice myself to you.*

A pistol---*I love you very much.*

A grain of a raisin, some blue silk, a pea, a morsel of sugar, and a piece of the wood of aloes, arranged in certain order, forms a billet-doux to this purpose:

"*My heart, I am in love with you; the pain which my love occasions me has nearly deprived me of my senses: my heart passionately desires you. Give my disease the necessary remedy.*"

CASTLE

CASTLE WALSTENFORTH:

A DRAMATIC ROMANCE.

[Concluded from page 109.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The apartment of the Count, *who is discovered reclining on a couch*; Ellinor *reading by his side.*

Ellinor (reads). "WHAT an infernal monster is Prejudice! that depraves the best of hearts, and puts the voice of Nature every moment to silence."——[*The* Count *starts.*] What makes you uneasy, my Lord? Shall I move your pillow?

Count. No, Ellinor! You have moved my soul.—The words of Rousseau are applicable to my circumstances: I shall not forget them.——Your gentleness, my sweet girl, has calmed all the rougher passions in my mind. I have not merited your tender attentions.

Ellinor (embracing his hand). Do not speak thus, my Lord!—indeed, you wrong yourself. To me your kind indulgence has been manifest.

Count. But your father, Ellinor!

Ellinor (kneeling). Oh! could I move compassion in your breast————!

Count. Rise, child! You know how far I have already condescended in your favour. What even a sister's tears could not effect——You tremble, girl! Are the terms hard?

Ellinor. Ah! good, my Lord, forgive me: your will shall be my law. Bred in obscurity and ignorance, my heart, perhaps too easily, was given to one whose only requisites were birth and fortune; gifts which, in my misjudging eyes, avail but little——'twas he who saved my uncle's life. He loved me truly; but his generous soul

disdained to keep me while my fatal preference abridged the existence of a parent! [*Weeps.*]

Count. Nor shall it, Ellinor!

Enter Fredrique.

Fredrique. Ah! what is this I hear! Have you anticipated my desire, by giving *unconditional* liberty to the father of my lovely cousin?---for to all other titles, here, my Lord, I solemnly resign all hope or claim!

Ellinor. Generous youth!

Count. Shall I learn virtue from these children, who ought to follow my example? This is hard; but, come--- it shall be so: the task is greater than you may suppose. ——Leave me awhile, and send the Marquis hither. [*Exeunt* Ellinor *and* Fredrique.] I dread his presence, poor misguided man! His zealous friendship makes him think he does me service; but well I know, by sad experience, that my bitterest foe could not afflict me half so bad as a disapproving conscience.

Enter Marquis, *with his arm in a sling.*

Marquis. I congratulate you, dear friend, upon your fortunate escape. The youth has done himself no evil in being your preserver.

Count. I have just learned that he is the lover of my niece, and am well satisfied with the intelligence, since it affords me opportunity of paying a debt of gratitude, while I perform an act of justice.——But, you are hurt! How came you by the accident?

Marquis (confused). Alarmed by the rumour of your danger, I ran with too much eagerness, in the hope of affording you assistance; and, missing a step, fell down the great staircase. But, 'tis a mere trifle: proceed, I pray you.——What magnanimous act of justice is it you meditate?

Count. One, the omission of which has lately oppressed my mind:——it is the release of Steinhault. Julia will never willingly listen to you, and violence is what I cannot suffer.

Marquis

Marquis (enraged). Base villain! So, you would betray me!

Count. Be cool, dear Marquis; I have no such thought. Danger brings grave reflections, and Nature pleads within me; yet, hear me patiently. My sister still bears some affection towards me, and would not overwhelm my declining years with shame: she and her family may depart the kingdom without molesting us; and we shall soon be satisfied with the approbation of our own hearts.

Marquis. A coward's consolation! However, take the consequence.——You know me, Count. One act of your's may draw destruction on your head.

Count. My life would make you poor amends—'tis scarcely worth the taking; and let me tell you, Marquis, I had far better die, than live in guilt.

Marquis. These are your doting thoughts, weak fool! But, be it so. Here ends our friendship. [*Exit, hastily.*

Enter Julia.

Julia. Oh! Count, what new evil have I cause to dread! The Marquis passed me in the corridor: his looks spoke vengeance!——Save us, save us from his malice!

Count. Julia, the spell is broken that enchanted me: my eyes seem opened to new life, and you shall share it with me. I have a long account to settle with the Marquis; you must not interfere: if I should fall, remember that the Marquis is your most inveterate foe.——Here, take this key: at midnight free your husband from his prison; depart this Castle; and leave me unmolested.

Julia. Then let me bathe your hand with tears of love and joy. Live, live, my brother, and witness all our happiness!

Count. No, Julia; my hands are dipped in blood. The murderer finds no peace.

Julia. Dispel these thoughts: let us all live in amity.

Count. It must not be. You are not safe within the reach of that impetuous man.

Julia. I fear him not: my husband will protect me.

Enter Fredrique, Ellinor, Orlando, *and* Hubert, *who keeps back.*

Fred. Complete the work you have begun, my Lord: reward your brave preserver.

Count. My noble-minded boy, wait but a little while, and all shall be adjusted to your wish: and you, young man, accept my warmest thanks.

Hubert (aside). My turn will come anon!---*(Aloud.)* Why is the Marquis absent at this joyful period?

Count. Pray, name him not: his heart is callous to the call of sensibility; he would not share our joy. He just now left the room in high displeasure. I fear there is more mischief in his mind.

Hubert (aside). And so do I, or wrong I read his looks. I'll watch him closely. [*Exit.*

Count. Withdraw a little while, dear friends: my weakened spirits scarce can bear this agitation. You, Ellinor, may stay: your kindness soothes the hours of pain.

[*Exeunt* Orlando *and* Julia.

Scene II.

The court yard.

Enter Marquis *and* Hubert.

Hubert. And so, my Lord, you leave the Castle?

Marquis. I do; but not alone.

Hubert. Whom do you mean to bear you company?

Marquis. Yourself and Julia.

Hubert. The Baroness!——Impossible!

Marquis (seizing him, and drawing a dagger). Not so, villain! I fear you mean me harm.——Now, swear by all that's sacred that you will assist in what I shall propose; or expiate the injury you design me with your life!

Hubert. Oh! let me go, or else your knuckles will leave no business for your dagger.——Fie, my Lord!---why should you use me thus? Have I deserved it of you?

In

In all these years have you not proved my faith? I am a man, and have the feelings of a man; and, though I firmly wish your genius was exerted in a better cause, I am the last you need to fear: I know my duty, painful as it is to act against one's nature. Be satisfied; I will not counteract your plans.

Marquis. I know not what to think. However, meet me here within two hours: meanwhile, prepare a chaise and horses; let them be stationed in the wood; and keep a watchful eye upon that meddling rustic. Be punctual in obeying my commands.---So, fare it well with you. [*Exit.*

Hubert. I know you well enough to dread you: hypocrisy, for once, must prove my friend. I must learn his plans; but how to act I know not.——Ha!---who comes here?——[*Enter* Orlando.] Oh! Lord, Sir, I thought you had reached the cottage by this time? I am glad you are here, though, for ————Oh, my foolish head!——I shall do mischief now!

Orlando. Why, Hubert, are you mad? You look pale——you are in a tremor. Are you ill?

Hubert (frightened, lest his looks should betray him). No!——Yes!——That is, my Lord ——— Sir, I am not well!

Orlando. Something has terrified you——one of Lisette's cold superstitious legends. Let me conduct you to your room.

Hubert (aside). A lucky thought! Faith, you are right!——Hist!---let me see. There's no one nigh—— Such a cheating story, Sir!---Lisette says, that every night, at twelve, a spectre, tall, and wrapped in costly clothes, walks through this court yard, and enters by that door——mark, Sir, that door!

Orlando. Enough of this nonsense: It grows late: I have no time for such vagaries.

Hubert. But, hark, Sir! That door leads to the dungeon of the Baron; and 'tis a certain sign that his death is meditated.

Orlando (starts). May I not see the Baron? Now, perhaps, he may depart without my knowledge; and I feel interested in his favour: perhaps, you can indulge me.——[*Aside.*] Something prophetic seems to warn me of impending danger.

Hubert. Not for worlds could I do that; but you may stay. Perhaps, the ghost may be more civil.——Conceal yourself, and act as Heaven directs you. [*Exit.*

Orlando. This is strange! Hubert has ever seemed my friend: his honest joy has caused him to make free with drink.——My presence is required within the Castle. This night gives Ellen to my arms——a welcome guest! [*Exit.*

Enter Marquis, *with dagger, cords, and lantern.*

Marquis (looks cautiously around). This tardy fellow always makes me wait. Were he no————[*A noise is heard.*]

Hubert (without). Hist!---hist!——Are you there?

Marquis. To be sure; I have been waiting.

Hubert. Ay, I warrant; I thought you would not go. But, hide yourself behind that tree. [*Entering, looks aghast at the sight of the* Marquis, *instead of* Orlando.]

Marquis. Fool! why are you so slow? What means this panic? What am I to hide from?

Hubert. Oh! my Lord---I thought——I thought I saw some one coming along the Castle walk!——It was old Nick, perhaps! [*The Castle clock strikes twelve.*]

Marquis. Peace, idiot! Take these.——[*Gives cord and lantern.*] Now, follow me! [*Enters by a small door in the wall.*]

Hubert (holding up the lantern). Orlando! Orlando! --Plague on the fellow! I thought his curiosity would have kept him here.——Oh! had it been a woman!——Now, all is lost!---I am a ruined man!

Marquis (re-enters). Villain! why this delay?——Follow me instantly! [*They both enter.*]

SCENE

Scene III.

The prison. Steinhault *sleeping.*

Enter Julia.

Julia. Steinhault!---Awake, my love! I come to give you liberty!——Steinhault!

Baron. Ha!---is this a vision!——Julia, my guardian angel, what brings thee hither?

Julia. Fate has ceased to persecute us. Let me lead you from this place to scenes of happiness!——Hark!---Did you not hear a noise?

Enter Marquis *and* Hubert *by a secret door.*

Marquis. Now is the time! They are unarmed!——Bind the traitress down!——Obey me!

(Hubert *reluctantly binds* Julia's *arms with cords, while the* Marquis *seizes* Steinhault, *and holds a dagger to his breast.)*

Julia (shrieking). Oh! spare my husband!

Marquis. Now is my hour of triumph, haughty fair one!

Baron. A brutal triumph, monster!

Marquis. Your taunting words will cost you dear! Your wife shall pay the cost of my insulted honour, and she shall learn to feel and dread my power!

(At the moment he raises the dagger to stab the Baron, Orlando *rushes through the door which the* Marquis *left unclosed, and pierces his breast with his sword. The* Marquis *falls.)*

Julia. Eternal Providence, this is thy hand!——Orlando, you have saved a father!

Baron. Is this my son? [*Embracing him.*]

(They unbind the Baroness.)

Hubert. It is your son, and worthy of you!——Oh! what joy to have the fond filial embrace unmixed with guilt---to have a father he may proudly own!——Yonder is

is mine! [*Pointing to the* Marquis, *and averting his face.*]

All. *Your* father!

Marquis. Yes, harpies——tear me piecemeal!——he is the natural son of an unnatural father!——What but the sovereign uncontroulable ties of Nature could bind a virtuous man to such a villain!——See! see! the murdered Countess!——for that my SON must curse me!——Oh! bring a thousand daggers!---The tortures of the rack are slight to mine!——Hubert, I sold thy soul!

Hubert. I cannot bear this sight! I must procure assistance! [*Goes out.*]

Orlando (supporting the Marquis). Unhappy man!---I know not all your guilt, which must be great, to bring you to a state like this!——Live, and repent your crimes!

Marquis. Yes!---life must be most dear to me!——See how I scorn your pity! [*Stabs himself with his own dagger, and expires.*]

Enter Count, *supported by* Ellinor *and* Hubert, Fredrique, Lisette, *and attendants, with lights.*

Orlando. Behold, my Lord, the man who basely sought your life! These lights reveal to me the countenance of him I once pursued, after affording you such fortunate assistance.

Count. Base wretch!——Did I receive these wounds from him I thought my friend?

Julia. You are too late for his confession. Hubert must explain all this.

Hubert. I am prepared. And now, my Lord, take comfort to yourself, for you were not the murderer of your wife.

Count. How so?——Oh! ease me from that weight of guilt, and I will bless you!

Hubert. Of my own ignominious birth suffer me to say but little. Your friendship---blind friendship---for the Marquis made you readily accept my services upon his recommendation; your kindness kindled a glow of gratitude in my mind never to be extinguished. The Marquis ruled me

me with severity, made me impose upon you with a fictitious tale; and Osric, out of pity, owned for his son the base-born son of his most guilty wife. I knew the claim the Marquis had upon me, and early learned to fear and hate him: his passion for your sister was confided to me in trust; and, though I dared not openly proclaim his guilt, I secretly determined to act, in every respect, conformable to the dictates of my own conscience.——Mine was an arduous task!---I kept a watchful eye upon his actions, and, eager to prevent mischief, fraudulently obtained the knowledge of that diabolical plot which was so fatally effected. In his bureau I found papers, which acquainted me that he had intercepted letters from the Baroness, and substituted others, which, if produced, would prove equivocal, and suit his purpose; and one of these it was which wrought such jealous frenzy in your mind, so fatal in its consequence to all. Suspicions once admitted eagerly repel conviction. The Marquis worked you to his will; opiates were administered by him to the Countess and Julia, by which means the former was easily placed in the apartment of the latter, while each were ignorant of the transaction. My mother, who was then servant to the Baroness, alone was privy to this dark transaction; and she has paid the forfeit of her crimes!

Orlando. Oh! what a tale of blood and guilt!

Hubert. The Baron returned, was detected by the light of the moon with the sleeping Countess in his arms, at whom, my Lord, you aimed a blow; and I received her, senseless and bleeding, in my arms!

Count. Did she not die?

Hubert. Not of that wound. A victim to credulity, you permitted the Marquis to confine the Baron, as if by your own desire, without once hearing his justification. Fearful of my explanation, the Marquis commanded me to finish the work you had begun. My life, my all, was in his hands; I dared not dispute his order, but by stratagem saved my own soul. I conveyed the hapless

Countess

Countess to a safe asylum:---she recovered; but, faithful to the vow she made me, never revealed the place of her abode, nor even made her existence known; for her heart abjured the weak man who could so readily admit unjust suspicions.

Count. Oh! spare me this!——But I deserve it!

Hubert. She lived three months, and brought that lovely creature into a wretched world; and lived but to welcome its existence with a smile! [*Pointing to* Ellinor.]

Count. This is a day of wonders!——Come to my heart, my injured girl! Well might my heart beat with a strong and secret impulse in her presence.

Fred. Mysterious Heaven!——Ellinor is my sister!

Julia. Here let me explain the deception so long practised, and suggested by Hubert for purposes then unknown to me.——Orlando is my son!---the child of Steinhault!——When Fredrique owned his passion for Ellinor, Hubert, with eagerness, entreated that I would claim her as my child. Fearful of the consequences, I consented, on his solemn promise to prevent all harm, should we be driven to extremities by an open declaration; and I beheld their virtuous struggles with equal pain and admiration. Forgive me, Fredrique---Ellinor, forgive me, if, depending on your virtues, I gave you for a while some pangs. I know it was in my power to reward them; but Providence has more effectually repaid your merits!

Ellinor. How many claims have this dear circle on my love!——Father!---brother!——To Hubert we owe all!

Hubert. Ill I deserve your thanks. Let me proceed: mine is a tedious tale, and badly told.——The child of Julia was, in your first rage, expelled for ever from the Castle; nor would you hear it named. Poor Osric took the charge of both the infants, and they throve beneath his care. Attached by every tie of love and virtue, I trusted that the charms of Ellinor would, if once known, soon win your heart; and I was not mistaken. Had it not been so, in spite of every mortal power, this hand had placed

placed a sword within Orlando's; and, armed by justice, he had never ceased till he had brought destruction on his foes, and gained a parent's liberty. I have little more to add: where I did wrong, I acted through the strong impulse of fear; where I did right, I owe the deed to some innate virtue, and the mild counsels of Osric, whose honest soul cherished the dawning shoots of worth, and warmed them into action.

Julia. You claim our thanks; nor shall it be confined to words. Lisette shall not be portionless; and with her may you long enjoy the blissful serenity of conscious rectitude.

Count. Let us quit this gloomy scene.——Bear out the lifeless body of the Marquis; and let us all unite in gratitude to that Omnipotence which has so justly proved its retributive powers! [*Exeunt.*

THE TEMPLE OF SENSIBILITY.

——— Let list'ning Sympathy prevail,
While conscious Truth unfolds her piteous tale.

FALKNER.

SOMETIME during the summer of ninety-eight, Charles Westerville left his father's house in town, to enjoy the beautiful scenery of a romantic situation in the north of England, where his father, a rich merchant, had recently purchased a small estate, delightfully situated amid the most charming part of that highly picturesque country. Charles was rather of a melancholy disposition, and an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of Nature: he brought no companions but his German flute, and a few favourite authors, among which were the enchanting works of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Thomson, and Young. But his principal favourite, as being most congenial to his disposition, was Warton's Enthusiast, which he could repeat by memory. Oft would he wander, before sun-rise, reciting this

this charming little Poem, till, overcome with sensations which he really felt, with what ecstacy would he repeat the following apostrophe:——

All-beauteous Nature! by thy boundless charms
Oppress'd, where shall I begin thy praise,
Where turn th' ecstatic eye; how ease my breast,
That pants with wild astonishment and love!

WARTON.

At a little distance in the back grounds was a romantic dell, formed for solitude, through which meandered a serpentine rivulet, shaded on each side by irregular plantations of tall beeches; and higher up the hills were several copses and shrubberies, here and there interspersed by variegated clusters of wild flowers, which grew spontaneously on the shaggy banks; the whole made vocal by the wild strains of Nature's choristers, which were the only inhabitants of this delightful retreat. Towards the west the prospect terminated in a ridge of lofty mountains, whose tops reached the clouds; and the opening of the sea to the east, where the eye could readily discern the ships as they rode at anchor, or sailed in quick succession through the azure expanse, while, at intervals, the distant voices of the mariners dying in the gale, made it altogether one of the most pleasing situations imaginable. One would suppose that Charles had had some presentiment of this sylvan solitude, from the following Fragment which he composed some time previous to his setting out, and not unhappily named

THE RETREAT.

Oh! bear me to some friendly shade,
Where Flora's beauties are display'd,
And breathe a fragrance round;
Beneath a hill, profuse of trees,
Let me enjoy the cooling breeze,
And gently-murm'ring sound

Or

Of a silver stream, whose waters glide
Along the tree-girt mountain's side,
Wherein the birds rejoice;
And safely rear their callow brood,
And for their peace, and plenteous food,
Pay with a grateful voice.

All hail! thou lone and wild retreat,
For which I've left the rich and great,
Along thy banks to stray!
Ambition, greatness, titles, all
Farewell! ..in vain to me ye call:
Delusions, hence, away!

Here, careless, I can walk or lie,
Free as the birds that round me fly,
Since Providence has sent,
Of worldly wealth, enough for me,...
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, more than all, Content!

Sweet Solitude! thou nymph divine,
From ages past friend to the Nine,
Oh! teach my verse to flow;
To meditate on things above;
Oh! teach me universal love;
To feel another's woe!

'Tis thine to humanize the heart,
Else as unfeeling as the dart
That wounds the playful fawn,
To raise the soul on Fancy's wings,
Above this little scene of things,
To better worlds unknown!

* * * * * * * * * * * *

One evening, Charles had retired, with a Milton in his hand, to this romantic retreat, and, tempted by the agreeable scenery, insensibly wandered a much greater distance up the vale than he had heretofore done. The prospect he beheld amply compensated for some unpleasant sensations which he could not suppress, and which apparently predicted something of consequence to his future happi-

ness. In ascending the hill, he was agreeably regaled by a variety of images inexpressibly beautiful: at a trifling distance, above a clump of trees, rose the spire of the village church; more to the right, discovered a few scattered hamlets, from whence issued the jocund sound of rustic festivity; the last departing teints of the setting sun illumined the tops of those shaggy mountains: below, was a delightful view of his favourite dell; while the reflection of the moon on the glassy surface of the ocean, and, withal, the melancholy gloom of the surrounding objects, inspired such sensations as he had never before experienced. For some time he contemplated this delightful prospect in silent admiration; at length, sitting down on an inviting hillock, he broke out into this soliloquy:——

"Alas! could my dear father but be sensible of the pleasures which I just now feel, he would not, certainly, so peremptorily insist on my acting such a conspicuous part in the busy theatre of mankind! What are the gilded prospects of wealth and titles in competition with happiness, and the ineffable satisfaction of self-approbation?——I have wherewithal to be content; sufficient to purchase the necessaries, nay, even the luxuries of life: but my sordid father-————."

"Cease, young man, to upbraid the partiality of an indulgent parent," said a voice more than human.---Charles immediately felt the force of the expression, and, inwardly stung, was retiring with a glow of ingenuous shame upon his cheek; when Mr. Manfield (for that was the stranger's name) sprang forward, and, with a most affectionate look, apologized for such an unseasonable intrusion. The village clock struck nine as they were entering into conversation.

"Pardon me," said the good pastor, "but that is a signal for my departure. My parishioners are already waiting my return; for at this hour we generally offer up our united praises to that God who has preserved us "through this day's life and death." Though our acquaintance has been

been so short, yet I feel an irresistible impulse to press your becoming one in our little party. I trust the moments will not be ill employed."

Charles, who was never remiss in duty to his Maker, readily accepted the invitation. As they entered a little neat garden, he was surprized on perceiving a small white-washed house embosomed in trees, and almost grown round with ivy and woodbines: at the same instant he overheard the sound of a lute, and a delightful voice accompanying it with Pope's "Vital Spark." The effect was beautiful in the extreme, and Charles felt it sensibly; but the anticipating attention of his new friend relieved his anxiety: ——"'Tis only my daughter Louisa, who frequently amuses herself upon that instrument."

By this time they had reached the summer-house from whence proceeded the sounds. Mr. Manfield observed to her, that it was past nine,---a summons which she immediately obeyed; and, curtseying to Westerville, who was already prepossessed in her favour, he felt an unusual embarrassment, which occasioned him to return the salutation a little awkwardly. There was a softness and delicacy in her features which moved him exceedingly, and, withal,

"---- That expression, sweet, of melancholy
"Which captivates the soul;"

and, being so congenial to his own feelings, it operated on his susceptive heart with peculiar energy.

They had now reached the place of their devotions, which was a little room, fitted and solely appropriated to the purpose: at one end was an organ half-concealed by a green silk curtain, to prevent Louisa, who was the organist, the awkwardness of an exhibition. The form began with a voluntary, solemn and pathetic in the highest degree: Westerville, whose feelings were ever tremblingly alive to the impressions of music, felt it sensibly. The prelude introduced a hymn, which spoke the goodness of

God in sending his only Son as a propitiation for our sins. The little band joined with such fervency, that Charles was affected even to tears; but they were tears of joy. After the solemnity was over, Westerville again felt the force of sympathy; for the simple villagers departed with such expressions of tenderness and friendship, that it quite unmanned him. In this delicate situation, Mr. Manfield invited him to partake some refreshment. Westerville followed in silence, for his expanded* heart was too full to thank him; which the former perceiving, it recalled the sympathetic tear adown the wrinkled cheeks of the good old man.

Hail! endearing spirits of Love and Sympathy! from whom proceed all the delightful sensations of sensibility, and all the soft effusions of the heart! Ye alone can inform the feelings---Ye who can inspire such thrilling raptures of ecstacy, by what exquisitely fine-spun tendrils of sympathetic attraction congenial souls are drawn together!

During the simple repast which Louisa prepared for Westerville, he made himself known to Mr. Manfield.—— "A passion," said he, "for solitude, and the rural scenery of this romantic country, induces me to spend most of the summer in this delightful situation."

Louisa's eyes met his, and reciprocally caused a painful confusion not easily recovered. Mr. Manfield (for he had a competent knowledge of human nature) kindly relieved their mutual distress by offering Charles a bed, for whom he had already conceived a very favourable opinion.--- After some little conversation, in which Miss Manfield's good sense shone with peculiar lustre (for she had the most general knowledge of any woman I ever knew), the family retired.

Westerville could not efface the pleasing idea of Louisa from his memory: he saw a thousand nameless perfections which discovered the beauty of her mind; her

* His heart expands with sympathetic joy. MRS. ROWE.

temper

temper was rather serious than gay, though at the same time tinctured with the most pleasing cheerfulness. From her infancy she had indulged an unusual disposition for books and solitude; and her chief amusements consisted in cultivating those mental pleasures which give a zest to our affections; she possessed the most artless sensibility, and such moving tenderness of soul, that, from the first moment he beheld her, he felt his feelings agitated by a sensation unknown before.

"'Twas but yesterday," said he, "I did not know that such a being existed; and now my happiness is so interwoven with her's, that I cannot live but in her presence."

He tried to sleep; but Morpheus fled his couch: the image of Miss Manfield still hovered over his imagination. Soon as the morning began to break, he arose to view the garden through which he had passed the preceding evening. The shrubs and flowers, perfumed by the tears of Nature, exhaled a balmy fragrance inexpressibly pleasing; while the pellucid dewdrops, illumined by the rays of the rising sun, shone pendent from innumerable boughs; and the shrill notes of the soaring lark conspired to raise such ecstatic sensations as the sluggard never experiences. The half-shut door, where he had first met Miss Manfield, seemed to invite his entrance. On a small table covered with green lay Dr. Young's "Night Thoughts," open at that affecting tale so feelingly told in the latter part of his Complaint: an unfinished painting lay near, which discovered, for "her heart was apt to feel," all the mingled emotions which Aspasia experienced when she heard the fatal tidings of Lysander's death.——Westerville "felt it seen."

Leaving the summer-house, he pursued a path which led to the opposite side of the garden, through a little wicket, into a rustic glen bedecked in all the simplicity of Nature, where he discovered the rivulet dashing in foaming cascades down a steep bank, and gurgling over the rocks as it ran in lucid mazes through the valley, overhung on each side by tall shady trees, which half-darkened the path, and in-

spired a kind of melancholy enthusiasm not unpleasing to the mind of sensibility; the blackbirds and thrushes were ever and anon chaunting their strains of wild melody. Westerville sat down on a broken rock, and, taking out his flute, increased the general harmony with all the blandishments and graces of that enchanting instrument. Whilst he was thus amusing himself in playing Handel's "Water Piece," he was suddenly surprized with the morning salutation of Mr. and Miss Manfield, who were taking their accustomed recreation;---'twas a walk so perfectly in unison with Louisa's feelings, that she generally preferred it. After apologizing for interrupting Westerville, Miss Manfield entreated him to oblige her with another performance, as she was particularly fond of the instrument; assuring him, at the same time, that it had a most delightful effect; for echo reverberated the strains among the mountains and valleys in a thousand mellifluous melodies. Charles obeyed, and attempted---"How imperfect is expression some emotions to impart!"---Louisa felt the words in every strain, which caused a momentary hectic to shoot across her countenance. Westerville saw her perturbation, and substituted a lively little air.

As they returned, Mr. Manfield pointed out the most beautiful prospects, to which Westerville listened with particular attention. Whether it was the morning's peculiar disposition of light and shade which threw additional teints over the scenes, I know not; but to Louisa they had never before appeared half so lovely. There was one from which you saw the whole view that Westerville had admired the preceding evening: here they again reclined under the shady canopy of an old oak, whose antique roots projected into the brook:---in this delightful situation Mr. Manfield requested Louisa to recite Milton's "Morning Hymn." Ere she had done, a poor solitary stag, that seemed to have received a hurt from the cruelty of some unfeeling hunter, came to enjoy the cooling stream, which at that place ran deeper: the wretched animal heaved such piteous

teous groans, that his leathern coat seemed full almost to bursting, whilst the big round tears coursed each other down his shaggy forehead.* This was a spectacle which aroused the compassion of Miss Manfield: the responsive tear of sympathy glistened on her cheek; and the animal seemed so feelingly to implore her pity, that she at once determined to offer it assistance. As she approached, the poor stag seemed to forget his native wildness; and, encouraged by that smile of beneficence which displayed itself on her countenance, suffered her to examine the wounded part. Miss Manfield found the bone broken (but would by no means accept the assistance of her friends, lest their approaches should alarm it), which she bound tight with a riband. The poor creature seemed so sensible of the favour, which added to the indescribable pleasure she experienced, that she would not, at that moment, have exchanged her feelings for those of any one under Heaven,---except Westerville.

After breakfast, Charles took his leave, with a promise of calling in the afternoon. On his return home, he could think of nothing but Miss Manfield,---she alone occupied his whole attention; and he found his heart so tenderly attached to her, that he determined to ask Mr. Manfield's leave to solicit her affections.

Miss Manfield was equally inspired with a passion for Westerville; he seemed possessed of so much urbanity and goodness of heart, and such an air of softness shaded his manly countenance, that, from so short an acquaintance, he had become extremely interesting to her. There was a superior merit conspicuous in both, and a congeniality of disposition, which at once endeared them to each other by such attracting sentiments of purity as only virtuous and tender souls experience.——In a few days, Charles collected courage (for true love surmounts all difficulties) to acquaint her with his passion; and though awed, as it were,

* Shakespeare.

by

by her superior presence, yet he urged his suit so feelingly, that Louisa, who was a perfect stranger to coquetry, confessed her partiality. As frankness and generosity were among her predominant virtues, she listened to his protestations with increasing sensibility; and, candidly rising superior to the little arts and intrigues of her sex, at once kindly completed the measure of his happiness by avowing a reciprocal attachment. In their conversation she noticed the romantic appearance of their acquaintance, and Westerville quoted a passage from Shakespeare extremely apropos:——"We no sooner saw each other," said he, "but we loved; no sooner loved, but sighed; no sooner sighed, but asked each other the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but sought, and, I hope, have found, the remedy."——Louisa blushed.

Sweet Sensibility! to thee we owe the finer emotions of the soul, and all the exquisite sensations of mutual love! 'Tis thou who enlargest the heart, and inspires it with those soft affections which unite us together in sympathetic bonds of dearest amity!

Towards the upper part of Westerville's favourite retreat was a little plantation of yews and cypresses, so situated, that it commanded a fine view of the whole landscape, in the midst of which was a clear plot of green herbage; save one poor solitary willow, whose weeping branches pensively swept the sward. Here Charles determined to erect an octagon Temple in compliment to Miss Manfield, as the place was not only peculiarly adapted for meditation, but likewise a walk of which she was extremely fond. Accordingly he applied to some workmen, and, at the same time, wrote to a friend for such decorations as he thought necessary for the completion of his design. In a little time, he had the pleasure not only of announcing the idea, but also of communicating the pleasing intelligence to Miss Manfield, who took the first opportunity of accompanying him to her intended seclusion, for which she had already conceived an unusual predilection. Nor was she disap-

disappointed; for she saw that the hint was taken from one of Mr. Potter's beautiful Novelettes, of which she was fond to a degree of enthusiasm: in compliment, therefore, to Miss Manfield, permit me occasionally to make use of his description.

The weeping willow stood a few paces before the Temple; a myrtle had spread its branches over the front of the building; and a jasmine, which was taught to wind up the fluted columns of the portico, hung down in festoons on each side. On a marble frieze was this inscription, from Sterne:——

TEMPLE *of* SENSIBILITY.

"Dear Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! Thou chain'st thy martyr down upon his bed of straw; and 'tis thou who lifts him up to Heaven.... eternal fountain of our feelings!... -'Tis here I trace thee ..... !"

Within was a neat bookcase, which contained a judicious selection of the most esteemed works, put up in elegant bindings: on a broad marble column, which seemed to support it, were these words:——

"Sweet pliability of man's spirits, that can at once surrender itself to illusions which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!"

The walls were painted a pale green, and tastefully ornamented with small marble busts of Richardson, Rousseau, Sterne, and Zimmerman. In a niche was placed a marble urn, in which grew a sensitive plant,---a beautiful emblem of the divinity of the place,---contracting its leaves at the slightest touch, and shrinking from the softest breath of air.

Her tender breast with pity seems to pant,
And shrinks at ev'ry shrinking of the plant.

RAYLEY.

To this enchanting retreat Westerville would retire with his dear Louisa, where, tasting all the delights of a refined and

and mutual affection, they seemed but to live in each other's company. They would spend the whole day alternately perusing their favourite authors, and anticipating scenes of future happiness; or, as fancy led, would stray along the vale indulging the feelings of reciprocal affection, where

> Oft would she stoop amidst their evening walk,
> With tender hand each bruised plant to rear;
> To bind the drooping lily's broken stalk,
> Or nurse the blossoms of the infant year.
>
> BARBAULD.

Oh! happy state of heart-felt rapture!---secure of each other's affections, they lived free from those corroding passions which disturb mankind in an intercourse with the world. Their tender hearts were equally susceptible to the rapturous emotions of that refined passion; and, superlatively happy in each other's presence, they passed their time experiencing all those ecstatic sensations which a truly virtuous love can inspire. In this retired situation they saw few of the miseries of mankind.——But soon, fond couple! shall ye experience Fortune's keenest adversities; for, know, that the officious tongue of Fame has already reported the dreadful tidings to old Westerville. For a while, rage and contempt alternately racked his sordid bosom; at length, he set out, vowing revenge on a son, who could bring (as he considered it) such contempt upon his family. He reached Charles's habitation just as the latter had returned from the "Temple of Sensibility," where he had left Miss Manfield, in order to fetch his flute. After the old man's frenzy had something subsided, he ordered Charles into the carriage, who just had time to entrust a line with the old housekeeper, wherein he mentioned his unhappy fate, and vowed eternal fidelity. In a moment they were out of sight; and, on their arrival in town, Charles was immediately sent on board a vessel, with a packet of written instructions to direct him on a mercantile affair of importance.

The

The ship on board which Westerville had embarked was driven by a tempest into the north seas, and compelled to seek anchorage not far from the object of his affections. Though the captain had received positive injunctions not to suffer Charles to land until they reached the destined port, yet, by appealing to the feelings of even the rough sailor, he was so far prevailed on by the language of natural affection, as to put him on shore for a few hours. But what were Westerville's sensations, when he found himself beneath the valley on whose bank he had so often wandered with his beloved Louisa !——Love increased agility, and brought him in a little time to his favourite Temple. He entered hastily, but found it unoccupied; though from the freshness of a line (which was scarcely dry) drawn under these words in Sterne's Maria,——" God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,"---he was convinced that some one of sensibility had been perusing that exquisitely pathetic tale. The remark affected him exceedingly, and he thought it had touched Louisa, for he fancied that there was a tear here and there upon the page. In ascending the hill towards Mr. Manfield's, he caught a transient glance of Louisa passing through the wicket, which caused him to proceed with redoubled energy; insomuch, that on entering the well-known door he was quite exhausted with the exertion, and the anticipated pleasure of meeting Miss Manfield. But,

Soon her quick footsteps struck his list'ning ear;
She came confest!---the lovely maid drew near!
But, ah! what force of language can impart
Th' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart!
Oh! ye, whose melting hearts are form'd to prove
The trembling ecstacies of genuine love!
When with delicious agony the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought,
Your secret sympathy alone can tell
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell;
O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
When love with sweet enchantment melts the soul!

FALKNER.

I shall

I shall slightly pass over a separation that I can inadequately describe. Miss Manfield accompanied Westerville to the boat, where their emotions were discovered by the rough sailors; and 'albeit, unused to the melting mood,' yet it operated so powerfully upon their feelings, that their hearts overflowed with tenderness whilst the generous souls freely offered to leave Westerville in the arms of his dear Louisa.

But the lovely girl, aware of the consequences which must inevitably ensue, preferred Westerville's welfare to her own; and, sooner than he should further incur the displeasure of an already incensed parent, positively insisted on being left to her fate, which, be it what it would, was joy, was ecstacy, compared to his unhappiness. She saw the boat which contained her all in this world, save her father, move from the shore; and, pursuing it with a frantic pleasure, saw them safe on board, in order to pursue a voyage which soon proved so fatal to her peace.

The wind being favourable, the vessel set sail with Westerville in a state of mind to which all the horrors of the most complicated distress was elysium: he was perfectly insensible to every object but the portrait of Miss Manfield, upon which he gazed with a lethargic stupidity; nor could the idea of absence efface the lovely original from his mind. How often would his imagination wander over those scenes which had once witnessed his happiness! ——But, alas! the remembrance of past pleasures only embitters our present torments!

The mind of sensibility takes a pleasure in brooding over sorrows that flow for a worthy object; and Miss Manfield had a pensive satisfaction in every thought that recalled the idea of Westerville. She was never absent from the "Temple of Sensibility" when her presence was unnecessary at home; for her greatest happiness consisted in perusing those favourite passages whose beauties he had first pointed out to her. From the similitude between her own situation and Anna's, in Falkner's "Shipwreck," to which

which she knew Westerville's attachment, it became her constant companion. How often, on perusing this charming Poem, would she exclaim, in the pathetic language of the inspired Writer,——"Oh! that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night!"*

When accumulated misfortunes press upon us, and we are abandoned by those who in the days of our prosperity professed the most disinterested friendship, then are the charms of literature a solace indeed, and a good book becomes the best of friends.

One evening, towards the latter end of the year, as Mr. Manfield was endeavouring to dispel, by innocent diversions, a more than ordinary gloom which pervaded the countenance of his dear child, a sudden and violent tempest arose in the east, which swelled the sea to an amazing height: a dismal darkness encompassed the earth, save that the frequent flakes of vivid lightning now and then illumined the mountains, and discovered several large black clouds which presaged an impending storm. Louisa retired to her room, but the dreadful idea of Westerville's enduring the tempest inspired unutterable anguish. Her big heart throbbed with incredible violence against a tender bosom much too small for such an agitated inhabitant. She flew to her favourite "Shipwreck," and, indulging a kind of melancholy woe, her wild imagination presented the crew of the much-wished-for vessel experiencing all the sufferings which the poet so movingly describes:——

Possest by Sympathy's enchanting sway,
She read, unconscious of the dawning day!

HAYLEY.

Mr. and Miss Manfield that morning directed their walk towards the sea shore, for the humane purpose of rendering

* Jeremiah.

assistance to any object that they might find in distress, but more particularly to prevent the inhabitants of the neighbouring parishes from plundering those unfortunate fellow-creatures (a shameful practice disgraceful to humanity, but too frequently practised along our coasts) who have suffered, far from home, a watery death:--'twas a sweet morning, and such as often succeeds a storm. They reach the strand:---but, what are Louisa's sensations on discovering a lifeless body upon the water, which the surf, in a moment, throws at her feet!——Her natural humanity soon collects fortitude to examine the corse:---her heart beats with unusual palpitations as she gazes upon something half-concealed in the stranger's bosom.————Good Heavens!---'tis the portrait of Louisa Manfield prest close to the clay-cold breast of Charles Westerville!————She falls apparently lifeless upon the body!---Her senses, alas! are flown for ever! *

DELIUS.

Stockton, 1800.

THOUGHTS ON THE GREATNESS AND GOODNESS OF PROVIDENCE,

Inspired by the Commencement of the New Year.

THOUGH gratitude is allowed to be one of the most pleasing emotions which the human mind is capable of receiving, yet we seldom see it directed towards that Being from whom every joy and every blessing flows. Not a day passes over our heads without some new mark of his benevolence, not an hour but we receive some proofs of his grace!---and ought the greatness of the benefit to lessen the goodness of the Benefactor?---or shall human munificence expand the heart, whilst that which is Divine shall harden or contract it?

At this peculiar season of the year, ought we not to take a retrospect of our lives, and offer the effusions of a grateful

grateful heart for all the mercies bounteously bestowed? When the elevated mind takes a survey of this universe, where order and regularity is in every part to be found; when it reflects upon those numberless multitudes of creatures who in their different stations enjoy the blessing of existence; and when it looks up to an Universal Father, who hath thus filled creation with happiness and life,- how dignified are the sensations of gratitude and veneration which from such reflections naturally arise! The wonderful beneficence of this Supreme Benefactor the grateful mind contemplates with peculiar pleasure, when displayed towards itself; and, in every comfort which has sweetened human life, discerns the goodness of an Almighty hand! Did parental tenderness conduct the youthful bark over the rough surface of a troubled sea, and safely guide it into port, amidst the rocks concealed beneath the woods; did Friendship's balmy breath expand the sails, and waft the little vessel to a shore, where in the harbour of domestic bliss securely moored it ever after lay; these dear delights it gratefully ascribes to that Great Source from whence they were derived, and owns that every blessing is sent from Heaven.

"If in the course of the year," says an elegant Author* who has published his Reflections upon its approach, "I experience any misfortune I could not foresee; if any unexpected happiness should fall to my lot; if I have any loss to bear, all will eventually work together for my good; and, full of this conviction, I begin the new year. Let what will happen to me, I shall be more and more confirmed in the persuasion that God will be the preserver of my old age, as he was the protector of my youth. If I find myself exposed to poverty and distress, I hope to remember the days of my helpless infancy, when he defended me from accident, and shielded me from sorrow. If I meet with ingratitude from friends, even that ought not to make me

* Sturm.

wretched; for He can raise up others to supply their place; and if my days should be full of persecution and danger, I ought to put my trust in that Power which guided and protected me through that period when I was unable to shield or take care of myself."

The sentiments expressed by this religious Author are so full of gratitude, hope, and resignation, that no apology can be necessary for their insertion; and happy will it be for those who may be induced to place the same degree of confidence in an Almighty hand.

The love of life is an instinctive passion implanted by Nature in the human breast; or how could we account for that adhesive fondness, which seems augmented by increase of years, disease cannot destroy, misfortune cannot repel it, and even poverty, in its most frightful form, is not able to reconcile us to the approach of death?

It has been the remark of a very sensible Writer,—— "That, after a certain age, every returning year is saluted with a kind of silent sorrow; and that we conceal the number of our days with as much solicitude as we would the commission of an atrocious crime."

This unfortunate perversion of the mind is, in great measure, to be attributed to a defective education; for those who have never been taught to consider any thing valuable but youth, beauty, and dissipation, will naturally find themselves reduced to despondency when the former are destroyed by the ravages of time, and the latter loses its relish by infirmity or disease. The votaries of Fashion and the slaves of Taste have frequently been heard to declare, that they wished not to survive the zenith of their charms; and, as if they were sent into the world merely to display them, seem anxious to quit it before they begin to wane. But, can this be the declaration of a rational being born to an inheritance that can never fade---where virtue will be rewarded with eternal happiness, and age be renovated by immortal youth? Can the mind that has been taught to rest its hopes in an hereafter become eagerly attached

attached to sublunary joys? and at that period of life when eternity should possess it, ought it to be languishing after empty and unsatisfactory pursuits? Melancholy must be the annual revolutions of the year to those who place their happiness in this transitory scene, and who, instead of looking forward to bright and permanent felicity, suffer their hopes to centre in vicissitude and change! Each succession of the season must deprive them of some pleasure, each lapse of time must encroach upon some joy; whilst age, by gradations that may appear imperceptible, steals slowly on, attended by decay.

I shall venture to close these reflections in the words of the Author whom I have before quoted, and ask,—— "Whether the thoughts which have now presented themselves ought not always to have been imprinted on my heart? Ought I not at least every morning and evening to meditate on the benefits of my great Creator, and admire and praise him for the blessings he bestows? For by this kind of homage it is that I am distinguished from the brute, which is incapable of feeling either gratitude or delight."

An Epistolary Remonstrance against

THE AFFECTATION OF LEARNING

IN A YOUNG LADY,

From a Relation warmly interested in her Happiness.

YOU will probably be surprized, my dear Eliza, at receiving this packet, knowing that, in a few days, there is every probability of our meeting again; but, as I am inclined to think that the remonstrances of an *absent* friend are generally more impressive than the counsel of one that is *present*, affection impels me to adopt the method that observation tells me would be most likely to ensure success.

Though Fate, my dear girl, has for five long years divided us, neither time nor absence has diminished my regard; and the moment that restored you to my maternal arms I considered as one of the happiest in my life. I left you, my beloved Eliza, at the age of fifteen, an unaffected, amiable, ingenuous girl, with a mind intelligent from judicious information, neither inflated by vanity, nor puffed up with conceit. Such was the object on whom I had placed my affection, such the dear relic of a sister's love, whom conjugal tenderness impelled me to resign, to share the dangers of a husband's fate. To this loved treasure I am now restored; but little semblance of itself remains!——Oh! my Eliza, how shall I describe the grief and mortification that took possession of my heart, after the joy of meeting had subsided, when I beheld the melancholy change! In vain I looked for that charming diffidence of its own abilities which is so peculiarly amiable in the youthful mind. Instead of that modest humility so deservedly admired, which in large circles scarcely ventures to disclose what it feels, I beheld you endeavouring to attract general observation by flashes of wit, or a display of sense.

That your education has, doubtless, been superior to that of many other young women, my dear Eliza, I am ready to allow; but you must strangely have misconceived the motive of your friends, if you thought that they nstructed you for the purpose of making a public display. Far different were the views both of my brother and myself in having your mind cultivated with peculiar care: we wished, my love, to render you a pleasing companion to some worthy man, in whose future destiny your's might be combined; and we flattered ourselves that we were laying up for you a store of rational felicity, neither subject to the caprices of Fortune, nor the vicissitudes of Fate.

In censuring a practice which too generally prevails, and blaming young women for making a public display of their sense, do not suppose that I wish to deprive them of that refined

refined gratification which arises from a mutual interchange of thought. No, my dear Eliza; I consider an intercourse of affection as an inexhaustible fund of happiness and delight; and I flatter myself, that in such society you will enjoy more felicity than the applause of multitudes is able to bestow.——"In the expression of our feelings, in the communication of our opinions, in the reciprocal interchange of ideas and sentiments, there lies a treasure of enjoyments, for which the solitary hermit and the surly misanthropist may sigh in vain."

Our powers, no less than our infirmities, naturally prompt us to confidence and communication; and we examine every stranger that approaches us with a view to discover the avenue that may conduct us either to their esteem, approbation, or regard. Solitary pleasures are at best imperfect; and I am inclined to think with Cicero,—that a journey to the stars would be insipid, if we made it alone.

As I have informed you, my dear Eliza, that I do not wish to lessen the pleasure you derive from society, I must likewise assure you that I do not desire to contract that which arises from knowing that you possess a tolerable share of sense; but I am solicitous to prevent you from making a display of talents calculated to please in private, but not publicly to shine.

Whatever knowledge or intelligence you possess should rather be concealed than ostentatiously displayed; for few are inclined to allow any merit to a being who is continually evincing admiration of itself. Delicacy, sweetness, sense, and sensibility, are generally to be discovered without the aid of speech, or, I should rather have said, without that vaunting conversation which is only solicitous to be applauded and admired. Though Nature lays the foundation of these attractive graces, education tends to increase their growth; and a taste for literature is generally attended with a benevolent and feeling heart. Thus you will perceive, my love, that it is not knowledge which I condemn,

condemn, but that display of it which makes you so ambitious to shine, and which, so far from raising you in the opinion of the world, will be liable to expose you to censure and reproof.

There are many prejudices entertained against a *learned* lady, and some of them, I allow, are founded upon truth; for women who have received a very liberal education are too apt to become conceited and vain, and fancy themselves so superior to the rest of their sex, that they despise those duties in which they are generally employed. If I had conceived, that by improving your understanding I was implanting the seeds of vanity in your heart, I should have wished you to remain in total ignorance of every species of information but what the Scriptures might reveal.

If the pride of intellect is unamiable at all periods, it is peculiarly so in the season of youth, when diffidence and humility are its brightest ornaments, and pride and arrogance its indelible stain.

That you, my beloved Eliza, may conquer these propensities, and become the diffident girl I so much valued and admired, is the ardent prayer of your affectionate relation, and the fervent wish of your sincere friend,

C. L.

EDWIN AND ETHELFLEDA:

AN ANGLO-SAXON TALE.

DURING the memorable reign of the great Alfred, Elfwald, an East-Anglian, a nobleman who had signalized his prowess in frequent conflicts with Danish invaders, acted as governor of his native province. Cenred, the son of this veteran warrior, emulated his father's fame; and his daughter Ethelfleda was distinguished by beauty and virtue. In the martial exercises, at which Elfwald was fond of presiding, the young provincials displayed

played the utmost energy of exertion, that they might attract the notice of so able a judge of military pretensions, and excite the admiration of the fair East-Anglian.—Ethelfleda, however, witnessed their efforts with little emotion, not from being insensible to the merits of activity and courage in dangerous times, but from a conviction of the superior claims of the peaceful virtues; and, while the heroes of these solemnities in vain courted her smiles, she cherished a fond regard for a youth who did not aim at such pompous distinctions. The object of her favour was Edwin, who, being the son of the governor's chief assistant in civil affairs, neglected the arts of war for the concerns of state. The attachment was reciprocal; and, from the intimacy which subsisted between the parents of the lovers, they had many opportunities of a mutual disclosure of their sentiments.

The father of Edwin, pleased with his son's choice, earnestly promoted an union which seemed to promise joy and felicity. He repaired to the Castle, to solicit the consent of Elfwald; and, as he knew that the governor had a strong affection for his daughter, he had little doubt of the favourable result of his application; but he did not sufficiently reflect on the enthusiastic passion of Elfwald for military pursuits. At the first mention of the proposal, the governor exclaimed——

"It cannot be. I never will give my daughter to one who is destitute of warlike spirit, and who can tamely rest inactive, while ferocious Pagans are ravaging the country. Ethelfleda herself, I am confident, will disdain such a connexion."

He instantly sent for his daughter, and questioned her on the subject. She avowed her passion, and declared that she never would unite herself to any other man than Edwin. Finding her peremptory and resolute, and having a great respect for his political associate, he at length promised his consent to the marriage, if Edwin would serve one campaign against the Danes. The youth, however reluctant,

luctant, was animated by the ardency of his love to an acceptance of the stipulation; and, as soon as he had completed a course of preparatory exercises, he led a gallant band of his countrymen against the enemy. In several skirmishes he evinced a respectable portion of courage, and acquired honour without a wound; but, in a more general conflict, in which he was exposed to repeated assaults, he was so severely wounded, that he expired on the field of battle!---Cenred, who fought on the same occasion, was pierced in the side by a spear, but escaped without further injury.

The grief of Ethelfleda for the loss of her lover may be more easily conceived than described. She received the melancholy intelligence, not with tears which a slight grief will produce, but with looks of extreme horror, and remained for some time in an attitude of motionless despair. She at length roused herself from this trance of sorrow, and hastened to the ensanguined field. The body of Edwin had been brought off to Elfwald's tent, and the governor and his son were viewing it in silence when she entered.

"Inhuman father!" she cried, "this is your own work! It was your obstinacy that occasioned the premature death of this excellent youth!"

She had scarcely uttered these words, when she seized a dagger which she saw on the ground, and, plunging it into her heart, fell lifeless on the remains of her lover!---Her father retired from the mournful scene, and was never more observed to smile.

DEATH OF LOISA,

THE MAID OF THE HAYSTACK.

THERE lately died, in Guy's Hospital, Southwark, the once unfortunately celebrated Loisa, or, Lady of the Haystack, who, about eighteen years ago, was found to have

have taken up her residence under that shelter, in the parish of Bourton, near Bristol, in a state of melancholy derangement: she then appeared to be under twenty years of age. This very extraordinary woman, whose "Tale of Woe" was first told to the public by Miss Hannah More, has naturally ceased, for a considerable time past, to interest the general curiosity.

During several days of her abode under the haystack (from which she, at last, permitted herself to be removed with reluctance), she was visited, and irregularly fed, by the country people, till the hand of more happy sympathy and compassion provided her better protection. As her name was unknown, she was immediately distinguished by that of Loisa. It may be gratifying to many, on this occasion, to learn, that during a considerable interval, in which she afterwards remained in retirement, and before she was admitted, as incurable, into the asylum in which she died, she was chiefly supported by a voluntary subscription, under the management of Miss Hannah More and her sisters. Those active advocates of humanity, who never yet began a good work, and grew weary of well-doing, having lost the pecuniary assistance of most others, continued to supply the extra wants and accommodations of the poor solitary stranger, at the expense of more than ten pounds per annum, till her decease. They would be the last to wish that such an instance of benevolence should be publicly mentioned; but it is a tribute due not less to them than to the interests of society.

The same kind, and much the same degree, of mental derangement which the "Tale of Woe" described, remained with Loisa to the last. In her general conduct she exhibited the various common evidences of the most confirmed insanity; which, in addition to the contraction of her limbs, from her exposure to cold in the open field, and from her future propensity to remain inactive, rendered her an object of the strongest pity. But her insanity was uniformly remarkable in this,---that, however disordered and

and childish her affections and resentment, she never could be drawn into any explanation respecting her family, her connexions, or her country: however affable and unguarded she might sometimes appear, the moment any person put a question, directly or indirectly, relative to those topics, or made any allusion to them, however distant, she always changed countenance, assumed an air of suspicion, grew grave, and inflexibly silent, or would instantly touch on some other subject.

From her *accent*, she was undoubtedly of German origin; but, though she knew little of English, she avoided conversing in any foreign language. Her manners, and occasional movements, indicated superior rank; and her frequent exclamations of *Dear papa*, and *Dear mamma*, in connexion with ideas of equipage and ornaments, led to that conclusion.

Many endeavours were used on the Continent to trace her family, by circulating her description and story in the public prints, but without effect. The mystery of this silence was too remarkable not to confirm the first opinion of her being a person above the common classes, with the additional probability of some unhappy and treacherous seduction. This last opinion, from the whole of the distressful evidence, inclusive of the personal part which poor Loisa sometimes involuntarily furnished, is not doubted by those, who, with the Writer of this article, early saw, and closely observed her. The conviction that it is possible for any man, making pretensions to honour, or even of distinction from a brutal nature, so to betray, and so to abandon, in a foreign land, youth, beauty, the strongest sensibility, and, perhaps, the most engaging innocence, fills the mind with horror of the deed, and with shame and indignation for the character! Such profligacy, in this instance, may have been of foreign production: but comparatively happy would it be for *this* country, also, if instances did not abound, among *us*, of similar atrocity, in those who, on inferior occasions, will make high pretensions

sions to honour and principle, but who seek every opportunity of seducing from the abodes of paternal affection, or of innocent employment, whatever is the most fair and inexperienced; rioting in its ruin for a short season, and then committing the greater crime---of abandonment to infamy! The theme is, unhappily, too common to need proof, and too mournful to dwell on.

The poor departed Child of Misery, whose story is here again revived, is too strong an instance of suffering, and excites too much feeling, to be permitted to pass in the common course to oblivion, if it could be avoided. Under this impression, permit me to attempt something in the character of an Epitaph. But, alas! poor Loisa's Tablet of Remembrance may only be found in the sympathetic bosom of a few surviving friends!

In yonder dust, unmark'd for public fame,
Low rests the relics of Loisa's frame!
Poor hapless suff'rer, of the maniac line,
Thy wrongs no more a tortur'd breast confine:
Enough for thee, that ling'ring Sorrow's breath
Found final rescue in the boon of Death!
Consol'd be they who sought thy soul's relief!
Tormented they who overwhelm'd with grief!
Accurs'd the crime that 'reft thy reason's ray,
Tho' thou be ransom'd for eternal day!
And, where frail innocence would vice repel,
May guardian angels thy sad story tell!

W. M.

Bath, Jan. 20, 1801.

THE AIGRETTE WORN BY HIS MAJESTY ON THE QUEEN's BIRTHDAY,

WAS a present from the Grand Seignior. Rising from the hat, to which it is affixed, the first part intended to meet the eye is a knot of brilliants, composed in a style of elegant simplicity: this serves as a root or

basis from which the principal stems and supporters of the ornament, consisting of sprigs of laurel, and spiral branches of diamonds, spring up. A little above the knot is a superb crescent of brilliants, remarkable for their size and the fineness of their quality: out of it rise five spiral branches of the same materials, and between each a sprig of laurel, composed of diamonds, reaching to the same height as the spires; from the top of each branch is suspended a string of six diamonds as large as a pea (the fashion, India cut drops); and beneath the crescent, strings of diamonds, similar in quality and construction, and of the same number as those above, hang down from each of the exterior stems.

On each side of the crescent are two flags, representing the colours of England and Turkey: the English flag, on each side, is in front, and the Turkish appears in the back ground. The colours are represented by pink and plain diamonds; the standards are confined by a knot of small pink brilliants.

Over the flags, and on the centre, is the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, executed in small brilliants, with the most perfect accuracy and strict attention to the minutiæ of heraldry.

From the back part of the ornament springs up a bunch of heron's feathers: they are perfectly straight; not quite so broad as the ordinary feathers of a cock's tail, and about twelve inches long.

The bunch of heron's feathers alone is estimated at one thousand pounds, owing not so much to the scarcity of that bird, as the circumstance of its having only two such feathers in its plumage. The plume contains about an hundred of them.

AFFECT-

AFFECTING PETITION TO A GREAT PERSONAGE.

[We know not the merits of the following Case, nor whether the application succeeded; but insert it as a most affecting Composition, that will please many of our Readers.]

To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.

I KNOW it will not displease Your Majesty that I cry to you for help; to you, who are exalted above all women by your virtues. I cry to Your Majesty to save me, as one to be tumbled down from the battlements of an high tower, and dashed to pieces at the bottom by the hard rugged rocks. If Your Majesty would know my feelings, they will be well described by supposing me just pushed off the top, and, having caught hold of a corner-stone, am suspended by my arms, expecting my strength to fail momentarily, and that I fall down; or that the executioner should barbarously wrest off my hold, that I might be dashed to pieces. How happy would not Your Majesty be to see me rescued from this situation! Yes, Royal Lady, the distress of my heart is greater than this would cause me. I have an affectionate husband, whom I love; I am fastened by the strong ties of numerous relatives, and the endearing smiles of two infants, looking up in my face and smiling pity, expecting me to foster them. They know nothing of the world but me---they have nothing but their mother; but, alas! their mother, their all, is shortly to be torn from them——their all, they are condemned to lose their all!

Because we every day know that many suffer hardships, we become familiarized to sufferings; but, still, the individual does not feel less, because many feel sufferings; nor should I have less pity on this account for those that suffer. Were I certain that my fate was to be death, I believe that I could reconcile myself to it; but to my present

fate, although my heart has laboured till my strength has been exhausted, I am further from being reconciled in proportion as I strive to be so. Death would give me insensibility; but life brings all my endearments to my mind, which pierce my heart like a thousand needles: when fatigue has exhausted my strength, and nature is forced to slumber, it is but to arise to increased woe! What do I not feel for my babe unborn?---Poor miserable! hardly will thy eyes view the light before the sorrows of thy mother will cause them to be eternally shut!——I have suffered a great deal; the throbs of my heart have been deep; my sighs have, indeed, been bitter; my soul clings to my country, to my friends, to my babes, to every thing dear to me, as strongly as I should cling to the rock to save myself from falling. I cannot reconcile myself:---it will be my death! Do, therefore, good and great Queen, stretch out your mighty hand to save a poor wretch of your own sex from more than perishing. Let me live with my infants, my husband, and friends, to fill the world with grateful praise, to hallow the hour that the Supreme Being sent you to bless your people with your great goodness and tender mercies!

I have been condemned to be transported for stealing some muslin from Mr. Chalener, Linen Draper, of Smithfield Bars. Indeed, I did not steal it; nor did I ever attempt any such thing: the muslin was taken up between me and my infant; I had sate it down on the shop counter, while I went to the other end of the shop to buy some articles, it being exposed to any one's view, which had not the appearance of intending to steal. Nothing else was ever imputed to my charge.

These facts have been stated to the proper State officers, to whom I have been also recommended by many respectable persons. I do not complain that they will not represent my case to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, nor of their conduct: they have shown to my friends great concern for me; and the doors of my Sovereign's Secretary's Office have

have been always open to them:---they have been very good. But, the female convicts being ordered to be sent away, I am alarmed, and cry to Your Majesty, in the distress of my soul, to save the miserable, unfortunate,

MARY WILLIAMS.

Newgate, Oct. 4, 1800.

Letter from the late

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS

TO DR. MILLER, OF DONCASTER.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I parted from you at Doncaster, I imagined, long before this, to have met with some oddities worth acquainting you with. It is grown a fashion of late to write lives: I have now, and for a long time have had, leisure enough to write mine, but want materials for the latter part of it; for my existence now cannot properly be called living, but what the painters term still life; having, since February 13, been confined in this town gaol for a London debt. As a hunted deer is always shunned by the happier herd, so am I deserted by the company, my share taken off, and no support left me, save what my wife can spare me out of her's:——

"Deserted, at my utmost need,
"By those my former bounty fed."

With an economy, which till now I was a stranger to, I have made shift hitherto to victual my little garrison; but then it has been with the aid of my good friends and allies, ---my clothes. This week's eating finishes my last waistcoat; and next I must atone for my errors on bread and water.

Themistocles had so many towns to furnish his table, and a whole city bore the charge of his meals: in some

respects I am like him, for I am furnished by the labours of a multitude.——A wig has fed me two days; the trimmings of a waistcoat as long; a pair of velvet breeches paid my washer-woman, and a ruffled shirt has found me in shaving. My coats I swallowed by degrees; the sleeves I breakfasted on for weeks; the body, skirts, &c., served me for dinner two months: my silk stockings have paid my lodgings, and two pair of new pumps enabled me to smoke several pipes. It is incredible how my appetite (barometer like) rises in proportion as my necessities make their terrible advances.

I here could say something droll about a stomach; but it is ill jesting with edge-tools, and I am sure that is the sharpest thing about me. You may think I can have no sense of my condition, that, while I am thus wretched, I should offer at ridicule; but, Sir, people constituted like me, with a disproportionate levity of spirits, are always most merry when they are most miserable; and quicken like the eyes of the consumptive, which are always brightest the nearer a patient approaches to dissolution. However, Sir, to show you that I am not entirely lost to all reflection, I think myself poor enough to want a favour, and humble enough to ask it.

Here, Sir, I might make an encomium on your goodnature, humanity, &c.; but I shall not pay so bad a compliment to your understanding, as to endeavour, by a parade of phrases, to win it over to my interest. If you could, any night, at a concert, make a small collection for me, it might be a means of obtaining my liberty; and you well know, Sir, that the first people of rank abroad will perform the most friendly offices for the sick: be not, therefore, offended at the request of a poor (though a deservedly punished) debtor,

G. A. S.

Yarmouth Gaol.

THE

THE REGULARITY OF NATURE IN FORMING THE HUMAN FACE.

IT is a general observation, that, among the number of faces which we constantly see, we never meet with two that exactly resemble each other; but we seldom take notice of one circumstance that is very wonderful, which is, that every face is formed in such a manner, that, however ugly it may be, if not disfigured by accident, we could not change any part to render it more handsome without making it deformed, because, even in this ugliness, Nature has observed an exactness of symmetry which we should not condemn.

For example:—Suppose that we had the power of lengthening the nose of a person who has a short one, it would be of no use; because the nose being rendered more long, it would not be symmetrical with the other parts of the face, which being of a certain bigness, and having certain elevations and depressions, it is requisite that the nose should be proportionate.

Thus, according to certain very perfect rules, a flat-nosed person *must* be so; and, agreeable to the same rules, the regular-featured flat-nosed face would become a monster, could we give it an aquiline nose: moreover, it is sometimes necessary that a man should have *no nose*. Thus, for example, in buildings of the Tuscan order, it is proper to leave the columns without a volute: in the Corinthian or Ionic orders the volute is a beautiful ornament; but it would occasion an irregularity, and appear monstrous, in the Tuscan.

These considerations show us, that we ought not to ridicule any person for their apparent defects; for those we may so conceive are most frequently perfections. A small nose, small eyes, and a large mouth, form a species of beauty, which, though perhaps not entirely consonant to our

our ideas of a handsome person, we should not despise; it being, in fact, a species which has its rules.

When Nature forms a face, it is with the most just rules; and such is her regularity, that every one is produced perfect to her designs. From men judging by what pleases them, we find the Chinese esteem a flat nose and small eyes; the Africans prize triangled eyebrows, while in France they admire them arched; the Lybians love large mouths; the natives of Japan blacken their teeth; and in Ethiopia the most black are the most handsome; and our despising such beauties, are only proofs of the strange differences of the human mind.

There are as many different orders of beauty as of architecture; and, considering that Nature has her laws, we can never be wrong in saying, *that the most ugly face in the world is equally perfect and regular with the most handsome.*

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES.

NO. XX.

LADY PAKINGTON.

DOROTHY Lady Pakington, wife of Sir John Pakington, Baronet, and daughter of Thomas Lord Coventry, Keeper of the Great Seal, was born at London about the middle of the reign of King James I.

Although this excellent Lady was celebrated by the best and most learned divines of her time, yet scarcely any pen will be thought capable of adding to the reputation which her own has acquired, if it shall appear that she was the author of that incomparable book, "The Whole Duty of Man." But, as it is not generally allowed that she wrote this valuable treatise, or was capable of writing it, it will be necessary to produce our evidence, to show that none of those

those to whom it has been attributed had any share in its composition, and that she really was capable of, and did write it.

The first person to whom this work has been publicly ascribed was Mr. Abraham Woodhead, a very learned and pious gentleman; but it happened that this worthy person lived and died a zealous Roman Catholic, and, therefore, can have no possible claim to it.

Mr. Oldfield seems very peremptory in this affair, when he informs his readers,——"that the author of 'The Whole Duty of Man' hath been long concealed; but his name is Mr. William Fulman; he being now dead, may be now published. He was bred under Dr. Hammond, and for some time his amanuensis: he was a learned divine, born at Senshurst, in Kent."---But, what authority had Mr. Oldfield for his positive assertion? It is plain that he had no good ground to go upon, from the following remark.

Bishop Fell's Preface, prefixed to the folio edition of the author of "The Whole Duty of Man's" works, printed in 1684, tells us,---"that, if Almighty God had given longer life to this eminent person (meaning the author of those works), we might have received ample benefits by it; and particularly a just treatise, which was designed and promised, of 'The Government of the Thoughts;'---which plainly implies that the author was then dead; so that Mr. Fulman, who died June 28, 1688, could not possibly be the author.

The third person supposed to be the author of this celebrated book is Dr. Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York. The ingenious Mr. Dale, in his life of this worthy prelate, modestly tells us, that he was much suspected of being the author of that most excellent divine and moral treatise, called "The Whole Duty of Man." But, if the Archbishop was the author, why should he own his Comment on the 103d Psalm, and his book of Logic, and yet so carefully conceal his being the author of a more useful work?

Again;

Again; we are assured by Bishop Fell, that, if the author of "The Whole Duty of Man" had lived a little longer, the world might have expected another treatise, entitled "The Government of the Thoughts." But, could it be reasonably supposed that a man in the eighty-seventh year of his age (as was the Archbishop) could be drawing up a work of this kind, when it can hardly be imagined that he was master of his own reason? Besides, the style and orthography of the Archbishop's Comment on the 103d Psalm are so very different from that of "The Whole Duty of Man," that no comparison can be made between them.

But, though there are no rational grounds to conclude that either of these, or any other person who may have been named, was the author of this book, yet there are some, and men of learning, too, who will not believe that any of the female sex in general, or the Lady Pakington in particular, capable of producing such a work. The vulgar prejudice of the supposed incapacity of the female sex, in regard to works of learning and genius, the perusal of these memoirs will, we imagine, enable any one to confute with the greatest ease.

That the Lady Pakington was capable of such a work, and that she only had a right to this in question, we shall produce the following testimonies.

The first witness is the famous Dr. George Hickes, the vicinity of whose deanry to Westwood, his intimacy in the family, his known probity and unshaken integrity, will make his authority appear beyond all exception. The Doctor, in his Preface to his Anglo-Saxon and Mæso-Gothic Grammars, printed before his "Thesaurus," and inscribed to the late Sir John Pakington, having given an excellent character of his grandfather, proceeds in the following manner in relation to this excellent Lady. He writes in Latin, which, being translated, runs thus:——

"But your grandmother, the daughter of the most renowned Thomas Lord Coventry, Keeper of the Great Seal, was remarkably illustrious for all virtues, especially such as

as consist in the practical part of a Christian life. She had, moreover, an excellent judgment, and a talent of speaking correctly, pertinently, clearly, and gracefully; in which she was so accomplished, particularly in an evenness of style and consistent manner of writing, that she deserved to be called and reputed the author of a book concerning the Duty of Man, published in English by an anonymous person, and well known through the Christian world for the extraordinary completeness of a work of that kind. Hammond, Morley, Fell, and Thomas, those eminently learned men, averred, that she was as great an adept in the Sacred Scriptures as themselves were; and as well versed in divinity, and in all those weighty and useful notions relating to Duty, which have been recommended and handed down to us, either by profane or Christian philosophers. I have heard, also, that she was so far from being unacquainted with the antiquities of her own country, that she knew almost as much as the greatest proficient in that kind of knowledge. Nor is this to be much wondered at, since she had in her youth the most excellently learned Sir Norton Knatchbull, Baronet, for her tutor and preceptor; and, after she was married, the famous Hammond, and others, his cotemporaries, very celebrated men, for her companions and instructers."

But, if this should not be thought a direct proof of her being the author, it shows that she was every way qualified for it. Besides, a Lady (who was living not many years since, if not still) declared, that Dr. Hickes assured her that Lady Pakington was the author of "The Whole Duty of Man;" and that he had seen the manuscript, written with her own hand, which, from the many rasures, alterations, and interlineations, he was fully satisfied was the very original book.

The next evidence is the author of the "Baronetage," who tells us,——"that she was one of the most accomplished persons of her sex for learning, and the brightest example of her age for wisdom and piety. Her letters and other

other discourses, still remaining in the family, and in the hands of her friends, are an admirable proof of her excellent genius and vast capacity; and, as she had the reputation of being thought the author of 'The Whole Duty of Man,' so none who knew her well, and were competent judges of her ability, could in the least doubt of her being equal to such an undertaking, though her modesty would not suffer her to claim the honour of it; but as the manuscript, under her own hand, now remains with the family, there is hardly room to doubt it.

"By her great virtues and eminent attainments in knowledge, she acquired the esteem of all our learned divines, particularly Dr. Hammond, Bishop Morley, Bishop Fell, Bishop Pearson, Bishop Henchman, and Bishop Gunning, who were ever ready to confess that they were always edified by her conversation, and instructed by her writings. These learned and pious gentlemen never failed of an agreeable retreat and sanctuary at Westwood, as far as those dangerous times would permit: and it ought to be remembered, to the honour of this good Lady and her husband, that the famous Dr. Hammond found a comfortable subsistence in their family several years; and, at last, reposed his bones in their burial-place at Hampton-Lovett, in a chapel built by Sir Thomas Pakington, anno 1561."

The third proof is taken from a quarto pamphlet, entitled---"A Letter from a Clergyman in the Country to a dignified Clergyman in London, vindicating the Bill brought in the last Session of Parliament for preventing the Translation of Bishops;" printed at London, 1702; in the third and fourth pages of which may be found the following passage:——

"But, before I enter upon the nature, tendency, and usefulness of the Bill, give me leave to say something concerning that worthy Member, Sir John Pakington, who brought it into the House.

"His zeal for the Church and Monarchy descended to him, as it were, by inheritance. I must write a history, if I would

I would deliver at large how many proofs his ancestors have given of their being the fastest friends to both: but his grandfather's spending forty thousand pounds, and being tried for his life during the late civil wars, because he vigorously endeavoured to prevent the martyrdom of King Charles I., and the destruction of episcopacy; the uninterrupted correspondence of his grandmother with the learned and pious Dr. Morley, Bishop of Winton, and Dr. Hammond, and his supporting the latter, when deprived, and who is by several eminent men (Archbishop Dolben, Bishop Fell, and Dr. Allestry, declared this of their own knowledge after her death, which she obliged them to keep private during her life) allowed to be the author of the best and most masculine religious book extant in the English tongue (the Bible excepted), called 'The Whole Duty of Man,' will serve, instead of a heap of instances, to show how great regards this family have formerly paid to the Church and kingly governments."

To the foregoing we might add the testimony of Mr. Thomas Caulton, Vicar of Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, who, on his death-bed, declared, in the presence of several worthy persons, that Mrs. Eyre, daughter of Lady Pakington, told him who was the author of "The Whole Duty of Man;" at the same time pulling out of a private drawer a manuscript tied and stitched in octavo, which she declared was the original, written by Lady Pakington, her mother.

Upon the whole, it is presumed that Lady Pakington's title to this performance is by far the clearest of all those to whom it has been ascribed; but whether her title is absolutely ascertained, must be left to the judgment of the candid and impartial.

Full of years and good works, she died May 10, 1679, and was interred in the church of Hampton-Lovett, in Worcestershire, where is a small memorial of her inscribed at the bottom of the monument erected for the late Sir John Pakington, as follows:——

"In the same church lies Sir John Pakington, Knight and Baronet, and his Lady, grandfather and grandmother to the said Sir John; the first tried for his life, and spent the greatest part of his fortune in adhering to King Charles I.; and the latter justly reputed the authoress of 'The Whole Duty of Man,' who was exemplary for her great piety and goodness."

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON. [*See* Page 1.]

THE circumstances of her family were, we believe, always easy and creditable; and her brother is at present an opulent merchant at Leghorn. She was married at a very early age, and unhappily married, to a young Templar, from whom, after a few years domestic connexion, she was separated. Her first introduction to public notice and public admiration, was as an actress, under the immediate auspices and indefatigable instruction of Mr. Garrick, in the year 1777. Here her beauty was universally spoken of as a phenomenon, such as that all who saw it confessed they had never beheld its parallel. Her air, her step, her carriage, had a lightness, an airiness, and a grace, which, especially assisted as they were by the excellence of her understanding, and the playfulness of her fine imagination, rendered almost every one who saw her, her adorer. All that was highest in rank, and most illustrious in talents (Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan in particular), was immediately enlisted in the train of her professed admirers.

Having been induced, after a very short experiment of the theatrical life, by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, to quit the stage, the genius of this extraordinary woman soon opened to itself a new career, and a career attended with more exalted and unfading laurels:---she became a Poet; and few writers of her own day are confessed to have courted the Muses more successfully. With a genu-

a genuine, various, glowing, and vivid flow of verse, she adorned the lustre of her beauty, and heightened her attractions, as a woman of unrivalled accomplishments and elegance. Her Poem of "Sight," in particular, and her "Stanzas," written between Dover and Calais (vide Poems, by Mrs. Robinson, in 2 volumes, 8vo.), would do honour to the pen of almost any English Poet of the present century. The ease with which she poured forth her unpremeditated verse was none of its least extraordinary features, and has frequently been attested by tales, and copies of verses, that have ornamented the columns of the newspapers. Some of the most meritorious of these have lately been collected into a little volume, under the title of "Lyrical Tales," by Mrs. Robinson.

But, while the Writer dwells with the fondness of a mourner and a friend on the excellencies of the deceased, there is yet a praise behind, which, if not greater than that of genius, is at least a praise, without which genius is worthless, and fame becomes tarnished, and a curse.---Mrs. Robinson was a woman of a truly liberal and munificent mind: no one had a heart more quick to feel, more tender to sympathize, or the expressions of which were more exactly adapted to relieve and console Death; and nothing but Death had the power to cool its generous fervours, or to subdue the elevated independence of her spirit.

The elegancies of her roof, and the charms of her conversation, were for many years the magnet that drew around her a continual resort of those persons who were most distinguished in art, or brilliant in genius, in the times in which she flourished. All honoured her; all were her friends; and, we believe, it might be inscribed on her tomb, without danger of contradiction,---that she never made herself an enemy.

For the last twelve or thirteen years of her life, she was the martyr of a severe and incurable rheumatism, in consequence of which she became a cripple; but this could not suppress the fertility of her genius, or the energies of her

character. Almost all her literary compositions were the offspring of this period.

All that remains, which historical fidelity and the instructiveness of truth compel us to record, is of a sorrowful and melancholy character. The later years of her life were darkened by the embarrassment of her circumstances; much of this embarrassment, we can with certainty affirm, was created by her generously and inconsiderately involving herself for the convenience of others. The misfortune attending it was, however, peculiarly aggravated by the circumstance of her principal resource being a life-annuity. Her creditors, instigated by the consideration of their uncertain security, were merciless beyond any ordinary example of this kind.

On the other hand, such was the unbending independence of her spirit, that she more than once preferred the gloominess of imprisonment to the humiliation even of making her case known to such as might have delivered her from it.

THE INSPECTOR.

NO. VIII.

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit..... VIRG.

"Woe to the man whose wit disclaims its use,
"Glitt'ring in vain, or only to seduce;
"Who studies Nature with a wanton eye,
"Admires the work, but slips the lesson by!"

To the Committee of Papers for the Inspection Society.

SIRS,

HAVING lately turned my attention to the leading characteristics of Nature, and considered our various actions with the apparent motives that produce them, I could

could not help noticing, in the course of my enquiries, the strange absurdity of fixing ideal phantoms as the grand object of our concern; and, pursuing the devious mazes of Error as the only high road to the temple of Fame, we send our wandering imagination to explore the grand abyss of infinity, and hunt the vapour trembling before the unsated eye as the sole fund of natural knowledge. But, how mistaken our ideas, and how perverted our taste, will appear in contemplating the beautiful and interesting mirror of Modesty: the young, the gay, the imprudent, may here discover the criterion of real merit, and peruse a lesson worthy their serious attention. But, this being a new field, I, perhaps, should explain a few leading ideas which afford the grounds for this assertion. On contemplating the subject it will be early perceived, that to treat it according to its merit would expand a paper into a volume, and swell even that into a library; inasmuch as the subject itself, its various stages, dependencies, and effects, when analyzed by even a common genius, appear each the basis of a complete system. It cannot, therefore, be expected that we should trace the genera and various modifications of these subordinate classes, which collectively form the complex idea of Modesty: this we leave to the laborious researches of our ingenious Readers; assuring them that an enquiry, properly conducted, will render an ample compensation for their labour. We shall, however, pave the way for enquiry, and consider Modesty and Decorum under a few separate heads, as in appearance, action, expression, &c. On the slightest application of thought, we soon perceive it, in many instances, comprizes all we can say or imagine of taste, beauty, and oftentimes sublimity: indeed, Modesty and Beauty are twin sisters, alike in their physiognomy, and congenial in their nature; for whatever is modest, is at the same time beautiful, and *vice versa*, notwithstanding the levity with which some, far estranged from the path of honour, may pursue the idea: E. G.---The female form is naturally modest; and is it not beau-

tiful also? But, as some affinity was observed to take place between modesty and sublimity, we will point out the connexion, and observe the distinction by which they may be discovered.

Nature, in the construction of the human species, seems to have regarded beauty and sublimity as the distinguishing criterion between the sexes: a graceful modesty combined with beauty characterizes the Fair; while the majestic and sublime seem the peculiar properties of man. Well-proportioned parts, and a delicacy of composition, are natural appendants to modesty, and the source of beauty; while strong nerves, and an appearance of power, create ideas of the sublime. Hence, so far as a sublime idea creates the sensation of love, so far it is allied to beauty, and, consequently, modesty; and that this affinity is not fortuitous, or a mere casualty, may easily be discovered. But let it not be surmised, that, in portraying the outline of that distinction observable in the sexes, I intend to insinuate that the province of the ladies consists in trivial amusements devoid of general utility, which, though a licensed foible, derogates considerably from their native sphere. The part allotted them by Nature is every employment beautiful, interesting, and accomplished, by the exertions of fancy and genius: music, poetry, and painting, are their inherent birthright, and their peculiar functions;

------ 'Tis their's to lead
The mind o'er Fancy's flow'ry field.

A modesty of action heightens the charm of female perfections; it consists in doing every thing with a peculiar gracefulness that displays more of diffidence than courage: hence, the athletic exercises peculiarly belong to the male species; and a female who suffers herself to engage in these pursuits, relinquishes her natural pretensions to becoming modesty. Modesty of expression, also, is the birthright of the ladies; it is to their modesty of appearance and expression

pression that they owe the potent charm of mental superiority; it is these, combined, that form the irresistible chain of captivation. A lovely softness, connected with pleasing harmony, engages the latent strings of adulation in its interest, and bids the mind, thus tuned for action, confess those delicate sensations created by such beautiful and interesting ideas.——Then, ah! my Fair Countrywomen, shrink from every masculine avocation with alacrity, and attend to the duties of your order: for, what lady gains our partial esteem who blusters forth in masculine strains an essay on tactics, and whose discourse runs incessantly on the fields of Mars? We may admire her as a heroine, contemplate with amazement her daring spirit, and pay the deference due to a veteran; but these sublime ideas are heterogeneous to love, beauty, and modesty; and it is indeed rare, if, under these circumstances, we can allow the Amazonian entitled to any species of delicate organization.

But these do not comprize the whole of female duties and interests: a modesty of dress, also, should be invariably attended to; and, though we cannot fix the bounds of delicacy and taste, yet experience will warrant our asserting, that an exposed bosom and an uncovered head are each contumelious and inurbane, when contrasted with simple modesty and the calm dictates of reason and delicacy. But I shall close this glance *en passant* on the article of dress, since the subject has been already discussed in that valuable and polite acquisition to a lady's library,---the *Monthly Museum*, by Mr. Touchy himself, and other correspondents of considerable merit.

"Do you, *ye* Fair, endeavour to possess
"An elegance of mind, as well as dress;
"Be that your ornament, and know to please
"By peaceful Nature's unaffected ease."

On a retrospect of our subject, it appears that the sweetest delicacy of expression, and the highest finished strokes of

of beauty, owe their origin to Modesty: it gives the charm of perfection to every grace, and modulates the voice to celestial harmony; it is Virtue's barrier, inseparable from it, and affords the brilliant display of that lustre,---the effusions of Virtue; and, as none can be virtuous without gracefulness, so none can be graceful without Modesty. It comprizes in its essence every polite accomplishment, and embraces them all in its circle; it is stable without bombast, and engaging without flattery; sedate without pedantry, and gay without levity: it elevates the female character from the class of mortals to beings of a celestial order; and the want of it degrades lower than delicacy dare express.——How ineffable, then, are thy charms, oh! captivating Modesty!---It is thou that givest the *tis viva* to Delia's softest glance, and the *naiveté* to pleasing expression!

Stockton, Feb. 1801.

School of Arts.

NO. XXVIII.

To prepare whole Rice for Pastry.

PUT the rice into a soup pot, with water in the proportion of two quarts to one pound of rice; let this pot be cleanly covered, and put into another of a larger size, filled with water to within an inch of the top of the inner vessel: then put a cover, also, on the large pot, by which means the steam will prevent the rice from being crusty; set it in a slow oven, or over a slow fire, for about six or eight hours, by which time it will have absorbed all the water; and, being beat in a mortar, will become a tough paste.

Care must be taken to pick and wash the rice very clean.

To make Puff Paste for all Sorts of Pastry.

To one pound of the above paste add two pounds of potatoes, boiled in the usual way; beat them together with the yolks of six or eight eggs, and the whites of two, to which add one pound and a half of fine rice flour; and, when well worked together, roll it out to the thickness of half an inch, and lay on it two pounds of butter, over which fold the paste, and let it lay a quarter of an hour; then roll and fold it again, repeating this operation till the butter is fully incorporated with the paste.

Care must be taken to keep the paste from sticking to the table or rolling-pin, by keeping it constantly dusted with rice flour.

THEA-

THEATRICALS.

Jan. 29. AT Drury Lane Theatre, a New Operatic Farce was produced, under the title of "THE VETERAN TAR;" the characters of which were as follow, and thus represented:

Tom Sturdy, Mr. Bannister, Jun.; Philip, Mr. De Camp; Doctor Gossamer, Mr. Wewitzer; Farmer, Mr. Suett; Henry, Mr. Trueman; Tom Clueline, Mr. Chippendale; Ben Bowling, Mr. Webb:——Margery, Mrs. Sparks; Lisetta, Miss Stephens; Cicely, Mrs. Mountain.——Chorus of Sailors and Villagers.

A cutter is wrecked on the coast of England: near the shore is a village inhabited by peasants of different ages, married and unmarried, merry and out of humour, following their labours, and enjoying their simple pleasures, but plagued by a conceited apothecary, Doctor Gossamer, who insists on drenching them all with his physic. A farmer's family, consisting of the farmer himself, his wife Margery, and his daughter Cicely, are selected from among the rest to perform conspicuous parts in the Piece. A happy new-married couple, Henry and Lisetta, are the only others of the villagers brought forward into the action. Tom Sturdy presents himself as the late commander of the cutter, and, in his own supposition, the only survivor of the shipwrecked crew. He laments his gallant messmates, and is miserable for the loss of his son Philip among them. The villagers console and entertain him. He searches for his son, and resolves to divert his sorrow by going again as soon as possible to sea: his son, in the mean time, presents himself as having escaped to the rocks of the shore near where his father is in search of him. They meet, and joyfully recognize each other. The son meets, also, with the farmer's daughter, Cicely; falls in love with her at sight, and quickly wins her affections. His father disapproves his passion, as incompatible with the fearless, careless, adventuring spirit of a tar. The apothecary is his rival

rival with Cicely, and the farmer will not suffer his child to marry a wandering sailor. A French privateer alarms the coast, and threatens the village. Philip, joined by his messmates, who were supposed to have perished, puts out to sea, boards the privateer, makes her his prize, and returns in triumph: by this gallantry, he reconciles all parties to his marriage with Cicely. The Piece thus ends with the general triumph and happiness of all the characters, except the ridiculed and disappointed apothecary.

This Piece is the production of the son of Dr. Arnold, and the Music by the Doctor himself. The Music is extremely pretty, though not in all respects original; and the Farce itself has the merit of infusing sentiments of loyalty, patriotism, and national courage, through the medium of an amusing story. It was well received, and has since been several times performed.

Feb. 11. A New Comedy, called "THE POOR GENTLEMAN," was performed, for the first time, at Covent Garden Theatre; the principal characters, &c., as follow:

Lieutenant Worthington (the Poor Gentleman), Mr. Murray; Sir Robert Bramble, Mr. Munden; Frederic Bramble, Mr. Lewis; Dr. Olla-Pod, Mr. Fawcett; Sir Charles Cropland, Mr. Farley; Corporal, Mr. Knight; Farmer, Mr. Townsend; Stephen, Mr. Emery; Humphry, Mr. Waddy: -----Lady Lucretia Mactab, Mrs. Mattocks; Emily Worthington, Mrs. Gibbs.

The plot of this Comedy is chiefly founded upon the retirement of Lieutenant Worthington into a farm-house, with his daughter, his sister-in-law (an old maid), and an honest Corporal. Sir Charles Cropland, a dissipated man of fashion, has conceived dishonourable designs upon Emily Worthington, and plans a scheme to take her off; but, just at the moment of execution, he is prevented by Frederic Bramble, a young man of spirit, the son of an English merchant in Russia, and nephew of Sir Robert Bramble, a rich Baronet in Kent, where the scene of action lies. Lieutenant Worthington is in great distress, but has all the pride

of

of a Gentleman, and is anxious to conceal his indigence. Sir Robert Bramble, who is very benevolent, determines to relieve him. He and his servant Humphry wait upon Worthington, and are taken by the latter for a bailiff and his follower. A scene of ludicrous *equivoque* takes place on this occasion. Sir Charles Cropland challenges Frederic Bramble for the spirited language he uttered when Emily was rescued from the profligate views of the former. They meet on the ground, but Worthington, having heard of the insult which has been offered to his daughter, and being apprehensive that Frederic may be involved in a duel, hastens to the spot, and reproaches Sir Charles with so much energy, that the latter becomes sensible of his crime, and apologizes for his conduct. Sir Robert Bramble, in quality of Sheriff of the County, had discharged the debt which threatens confinement to the Lieutenant; and, with the concurrence of the latter, Emily Worthington is married to Frederic Bramble, who had become enamoured of her after he had protected her from the violence of Sir Charles, and who had touched her heart with gratitude and affection.

Such is the fable, which, it will be perceived, is very simple in its construction. The Piece, however, contains much excellent sentiment, natural humour, and ingenious *equivoque*. The most diverting character is that of Dr. Olla-Pod, who is at once an apothecary, a sportsman, and a cornet in a volunteer troop, and the language of whose conversation is a ludicrous melange of medical terms and military phrases. Those who have seen Fawcett in Dr. Pangloss may form some idea of the mirth he creates by the performance of this character.

Munden, Knight, and Emery, also, have characters suited to their comic talents; but the main support of the Piece is Mr. Lewis, whose character is a sort of *Belcour*, always prone to fall into habits of fashionable dissipation, yet always checked by his nice sentiments of honour, and humane feelings.

The Piece was received with great applause, and will, no doubt, be a favourite stock-play.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. Short round coloured gown, with long loose sleeves. Cloak of purple velvet, trimmed with lace, and confined behind, at the bottom of the waist, to resemble a Spencer; the sleeves of the cloak terminating a little above the elbow, and trimmed with lace. A bonnet of black velvet, with short lace veil. White lace ruff round the neck, separated by a ruff of white fur. Muff of white bear.

2. A short white muslin gown spotted with blue, made with full long sleeves, and drawing up to the throat with a lace ruff. A white muslin cap trimmed with lace, tying under the chin with lace; mob ends:---a bow of pink riband at the top.

AFTERNOON DRESSES.

3. A white muslin train gown, with long tight sleeves; the waist bound round by a fine muslin sash, the ends of which are fringed with gold. Over this dress is worn the Turkish or Tunisian vest, made of black velvet, lined with pink sarcenet, and hanging loosely from the shoulders. Necklace of coral, or gold beads. Turban of fine muslin, with a falling end fringed with gold: Bird of Paradise feather. Fan of black crape, spangled with gold.

Dress caps of pink crape, trimmed with white lace, and hats of lilac or light blue velvet, with a single feather, and deep white lace veil, are much worn.

Pink or lilac crape robes, trimmed with broad black or white lace, are much in vogue.

Half pelises of scarlet velvet, trimmed with deep white lace, are very fashionable.

Purple, blue, pink, and scarlet, are the most universal colours. Deep black and white laces are the general rage.

4. Gentleman's Afternoon Dress.

The Apollonian Wreath.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

SHOULD the inclosed Lines meet your approbation, and you can give them a place in your MUSEUM for this month, it will very much oblige me. The circumstance on which they are founded is a fact, of which I was an eye-witness on Saturday morning last, in passing from Birchin Lane to George Yard, Lombard Street. If this hasty and feeble attempt, to describe the apparent misery of the scene, have the tendency to open the heart of one person to the cause of suffering humanity, my object will be attained, and I shall feel highly gratified in the success of my attempt.

I am, Sir,
Your's, &c.
JAMES SWAN.

7, *Haberdashers' Walk, Hoxton,*
Feb. 16, 1801.

THE WATER-CRESS BOY:

A TALE.

'TWAS on a dreary Winter's morn,
When bread was dear, and work was scant;
When Mis'ry deeply sigh'd, forlorn,
Expos'd to all the woes of want;

A boy stretch'd on the pavement lay,
A cover'd basket by his side---
His *all*---provision for the day!----
'Twas what his industry supply'd.

Long ere the source of cheerful light
Had ting'd the clouds with orient dye,
Or chas'd the shades of gloomy night,
From home, alas! he's forc'd to hie

To brooks, and streams, and places dank,
To cull the early gifts of Spring,
Where Vegetation, moist and rank,
Her deepest tints of verdure flings.

At home, poor boy! that morn he'd left
A helpless mother, sick and poor,
Of friend, of ev'ry aid bereft,---
This son, on earth, her only store!

She'd seen the joys of better times,
She'd known the sweets of happier days:
Visit not, Heav'n, for fathers' crimes!---
But hid to man are all thy ways.

Bleak blew the piercing north-east winds,
And thick descended drifting snows;
With pain the trembling boy now finds
The brooks are ice, the springs are froze.

Long, long he sought the water-cress,
Aloud thro' streets and lanes to cry;
To blunt the edge of keen distress,
His own and mother's food to buy.

Return'd to town with scanty fare,
He'd call'd his cresses all around,
With limbs and bleeding feet quite bare;
But sale nor pity now was found.

More fierce the piercing winds still blew,
More thick descended drifting snows;
With cold, the boy, pierc'd thro' and thro',
Now sinks beneath his whelming woes!

The

The raging storm had seiz'd his frame...
A frame too weak the storm to bear;
And Life's but just extinguish'd flame
His stiff'ning limbs aloud declare.

Ye rich, who cold nor hunger know,
Nor e'en the thoughts of hunger fear,
Ah! ease the orphan's bitter woe!...
Ah! wipe the widow's dropping tear!

Long, long the mother now may look
For welcome son, and welcome bread,
The produce of the gelid brook:
Her bread is gone,...her son is dead!

No more, in answer to her pray'rs,
She'll hear the cheering, pleasing sound...
Of his known steps ascend the stairs,
To sooth, to heal her ev'ry wound!

His life is fled, his woes are o'er,...
The widow's stay,...her only joy!
He'll feel nor cold nor hunger more,
Poor, hapless, Water-cresses Boy!

ELEGIAC LINES
ON THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON.

[BY MRS. VILLA-REAL GOOCH.]

OH! Genius, Fancy, hover nigh,
And shield her fame from vulgar eye!
Oh! Genius, Fancy, drop a tear
O'er her beloved ashes here!
So shall each Muse, and ev'ry Grace,
Come sorrowing to this sacred place;
Wit, too, shall come, her vigils keep;
E'en blue-ey'd Wit will learn to weep.
All shall their sweetest flow'rets bring,
Rais'd by the first-born breath of Spring;
And, sure, they'll here for ever bloom,
For ever shade their Mary's tomb!

Oh! rose of May, who could sustain
The wrongs of man, and not complain;
And let concealment, like the worm,
Prey on thy animated form!
Oh! beauteous lily to behold,
Why not thy griefs long since be told?
But *delicacy*, too refin'd,
Suppress the sorrows of thy mind,
Which, timely known, alone could save
Its victim from th' untimely grave!....
"The *rose is wither'd!*" deep she sigh'd;
The lily droop'd its head, and died!

Accurst the base, ungen'rous breast,
Which could insult a heart oppress!
No *Hero* he, tho' clad in arms,
Who triumphs over *female* charms;
Whose callous nature could withhold
Protection, dearer far than gold!
But, what expect from such a heart,
Who smiles upon the *Negro*'s smart?
Constituent mandates could obey
To prove his own....*a heart of clay!*
Sink, then, his name, with scorn repaid,
Nor mention of him more be made.

The beaut'ous Mary, drooping fast,
From 'cumulated sorrows past,
Invok'd the Muses to her aid....
The Muses instantly obey'd!
She took her lute, the lyre she strung,
And lyric measures sweet she sung;
Now Genius, Fancy, Taste, attend,
And all their various powers lend!
Thus, while to *numbers* giving birth,
Behold her sinking fast to earth!
Seraphic warbler, do not grieve,
Thy memory shall ever live!

Tho', still, her gentle heart was wrung,
With undeserv'd misfortune stung,
The spark of pure celestial fire
Her bosom ever did inspire;
But, form'd for friendship and for love,
What *here* she lost, she sought ABOVE!

No

No *false friend* there to meet at last,
The friendship of this world was past!
She bow'd submissive, hist'ry saith,
And hail'd th' approaching stroke of Death,
Which bore her *to*...*from* Sorrow's rod...
The bosom of a LENIENT GOD!

What, tho' some foibles she possess'd,
(And *who* without them stands confess'd?)
Her *virtues*, like the God of Day,
Dispel the envious cloud away;
For nought but envy cou'd reveal
The errors which the tomb should seal!
Live, then, her fame, and spotless class'd,
By few competitors surpass'd;
For all her qualities combin'd
Exhibited exalted *mind!*
Deceiv'd...on earth...in friendship, love,
She now enjoys them both...ABOVE!

Sweet Passenger! whoe'er thou art,
If brilliant parts could fire thy heart;
If tend'rest sentiment could charm,
Or liveliest wit thy bosom warm;
Or, if thy breast hath sorrow known
In ev'ry feeling, as its own,
Here bid it flow,...for *She*'s no more,
Whom gen'rous minds must long deplore:
Here will they meet at earliest day,
And with their tears bedew her clay;
To her the tender sigh shall heave,
While Genius, Science, Fancy, live!

PARAPHRASE of the 127th PSALM.

BY Babylon's waters we sat down and wept,
Our harps we hung up in the trees;
For ruin o'er Sion's tall temples hath swept;
Thro' her palaces rushes the breeze.

Our spoilers throng round us, and, sneering, demand
That we sing them a song of thy praise;
But, how will the chains which encircle this hand
Reverberate?....In bondage it plays!

If ever my sorrows, Jerusalem, cease,
Or thought o'er thine ashes can smile,
May a with'ring palsy this minstrel-hand seize,
And my tongue of its music despoil!

Great Father of Isr'el, forget not the day
When the proud sons of Edom came on;
O'er Selim's high tow'rs they their banners display,
And thine altars in Sion beat down!

Oh! daughter of Babylon, wasted with woe,
I see our Avenger arise;
As our babes on the stones thy bloody hands throw,
Retribution descends from the skies!

JOVANA.

LINES

On a poor worthy aged Woman, who a few Months since desired the Author, when she died, to come and visit her Grave. Written in Scalby Churchyard, where she is buried.

[BY MISS CARTER, OF SCARBOROUGH.]

ALAS! so late the promise nam'd,
And now I view thy earthy bed;
When all-revolving Time has claim'd
The final debt by Nature paid!

Full oft, by time and sickness worn,
Hast thou this awful end desir'd;
In wistful hope to pass the bourn,
And bloom once more, with life inspir'd,

With their last gleams of trembling light,
Thy closing eyes their sense renew'd;
Flush'd with the new ecstatic sight
Of heav'nly visions they pursu'd.

In balmy peace thy spirit fled,
Unknown to art, or treach'rous guile;
By panting aspiration led
To hope a rest from all thy toil.

Now,

Now, far beyond this earthly scene,
Unconscious, too, of sigh or tear,
No friendly seraph flies between,
To say your friends stand weeping here.

Lo, as we leave the sacred ground,
By mute, oppressive Sorrow led,
With footstep light we press each mound,
And breathe a blessing o'er the dead.

SONNET.

[BY MRS. MATHEWS.]

MEEK Twilight, haste!....o'er this terrestrial ball
Fling thy pale shadowy robe; and, as I stray
Thro' tangl'd copse, where no rude sounds appal;
Where Philomela, from a dewy spray,
Pours mildly sweet her melancholy song,
In cadence soft as hymns of dying saint;
Whilst Echo's mimic voice the notes prolong,
And Mem'ry's ever-varying pencils paint
Past scenes of bliss, flown *never to return*;
Oh! let me sit beneath yon time-worn rock,
And tell of all I've felt, and all I mourn:
For here no summer friends around me flock,
To break the hallow'd calmness of repose,
Lac'rate my bleeding heart, and mock my woes!

LINES, Addressed to MISS H—— O——.

THANKS, dear coquet! indulgent cheat!
Kind Heaven, and your more kind deceit,
At length have set me free;
No more I sigh, and dote, and pine,
All ease without, and calm within,
In peace and liberty.

Yet, still (for I am quite sincere),
You're mighty pretty....true, my dear;
But, like your pretty sex,
You've here and there, and now and then
A failing; for, like other men,
I now can spy defects.

Yet

Yet once, with coward fondness curs'd,
My poor weak heart I thought would burst
At thoughts of separation;
But now I scorn thy feeble chain,
And bless the salutary pain
That cur'd me of my passion.

In kind indulgence to a heart
Engag'd in so severe a part,
This sweet revenge I write;
Rail, weep, *be woman all*; for I,
Lull'd in indifference, defy
Your fondness, or your spite.

A frail false maid I lost; but you
A man, fond, generous, and true;---
Which fortune is the worse?
Try all Love's mighty empire round,
A faithful lover's seldom found:---
A *jilt*'s a common *curse!*

HENRIQUEZ.

THE OLD MAN's COMFORTS,

AND HOW HE PROCURED THEM.

YOU are old, father William, a young man said;
Your few locks that are left are quite gray;
You are hale, father William, a hearty old man:
Now, tell me the reason, I pray?

In the days of my youth, father William replied,
I remember'd that youth would fly fast;
And abus'd not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might want them at last.

You are old, father William, the young man said,
And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you regret not the days that are gone:
Now, tell me the reason, I pray?

In the days of my youth, father William replied,
I remember'd that youth could not last;
I thought of the future whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past.

You

You are old, father William, the young man said,
And life must be hast'ning away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death:
Now, tell me the reason, I pray?

I am cheerful, indeed, father William replied,
Let the cause thy attention engage;---
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God,
And he hath not forgotten my age!

LINES,

Written by a Gentleman at Bath, on receiving an Engraving of the late Mr. Cowper.*

SWEET Bard! whose *mind* thus pict'ur'd in thy face,
O'er ev'ry feature spreads a nobler grace;
Whose *keen*, but *soften'd*, eye appears to dart
A look of pity through the human heart,
To search the secrets of man's inward frame,
To weep with sorrow o'er his guilt and shame.
Sweet Bard! with whom, in sympathy of choice,
I've oftimes left the world at Nature's voice,
To join the song that all her creatures raise,
To carol forth their great Creator's praise;
Or, wrapt in visions of immortal day,
Have gaz'd on Truth, in Zion's heav'nly way;
Sweet Bard! may this thine image, all I know,
Or *ever may*, of Cowper here below,
Teach one who views it with a Christian's love
To seek and find thee in the realms above!

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

In Imitation of Collins's "Ode to Evening."

OH! sweetest Melancholy, Queen of Sighs,
Deign to admit me to thy pensive train,
Who oft have listen'd to
Thy strangely-whisper'd strains!
Or thou, mild Thomson, Nature's meekest child,
Lead thy young vot'ry!---or, Shakespeare, divine,

* See our last Number, page 85.

First

First of Fancy's children,
From thy fine-phrensied lore
Teach me to breathe some sadly-soften'd note,
Attun'd to song of dolorous argument!
For gone is a sweet nymph
To th' undiscover'd bourn,
From whence the youngest trav'ller ne'er return'd!
Rude-handed Death, to crop so fair a flow'r
Timeless...just in the spring
Of life begun to blow!

So have I seen a lily fair: to-day,
Soft smiling; to-morrow, with rude embrace
Of ruffian mildew,
Her dainty form distain'd!
And now no more thou'lt lead the festive dance,
Beguiling wolf-ey'd Winter's dreary night,
Where Youth tripp'd on with glee,
And Beauty grac'd the scene.

And never more that converse meek and mild,
That heav'n-born grace which ev'ry paint eludes,
Save the fine paint of Thought,
Shall cheer man's various day!
But in thy lonely bed for ever sleep
Those comely merits, which, op'ning to bloom,
Had in their Summer's day
Ripen'd to goodliest fruit!

Then light, O Earth, lie on her maiden breast;
And ye whose fronts are bright with Fortune's gem,
Or gay Ambition's plume,
Who crop Pleasure's bri'ry rose,
Bestow the farewell tribute of a sigh.
But ye, who fram'd in Nature's finest mould,
Who thrill at the soft touch
Of Pity,...dove-ey'd maid...
Pour an empassion'd tear!....Oh! Life, wondrous
Is thy fleet day-dream! What, or whence, are we?
We come we know not whence;
We go we know not where!

E. C.

THE

THE KISS.

LONG have I sedulously tried
My fair one's lips to press;
Long has the cruel maid denied
My ardent hopes to bless.

At length the lovely girl complies,
And grants the balmy treasure;
Love sparkles in her brilliant eyes,
And ev'ry look is pleasure.

Kitty! I thank thee for the Kiss,
Of each dull care the soother;
But, oh! when next thou grant'st the bliss,
Pray, *shave a little smoother!*

Exeter. GIAFER.

AN ANAGRAM.

AN ancient city if you do transpose,
A famous female writer 'twill disclose,
Whose works shine forth, as you may plainly see,
Bright, eke in prose as well as poetry.

J. R. TOULMIN.

SOLUTIONS OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade I.—New year.
------II.—Hat-band.

NEW CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

Addressed to a young Lady.

TO you who have found the philosopher's stone,
Or, what is more dear to the sight,
Say, will you deny, or not candidly own,
That my First brings the purest delight?

Can

Can rubies or diamonds in value compare?
Can honours or fortune e'er bring
Relief to the mind that is harass'd by care?
But, yet, from my First it will spring.

My Second's an adjective; tell its degree;
My Whole can ne'er torture your breast:
My First would prevent it, for, plainly I see,
In possessing my First you are blest.

CHARADE II.

A COLOUR you must first define,
Before you can draw a true line
Of what I now indite:
The Heav'ns will oft the same display,
When it doth plain a storm portray
Majestic to the sight.

Now, ladies, search your houses o'er,
What commonly's behind the door
You next will have in view:
It serves to keep the thieves in awe,
If they'll not hearken to the law,
And keep it for their clue.

My Whole's a vot'ry of the Nine,
Now gone to the remoter clime
Of Heav'n's high throne above.
Ah! there his virtues shine confess'd,
By saints and angels ever bless'd,
And they'll his ways approve.

J. R. TOULMIN.

To Correspondents, &c.

WE cannot so far depart from our Plan as to adopt the idea of A Constant Reader.

The Article about which Amanda *writes is intended for our next.*

It is not easy for us to conceive to what Octavia *alludes: the latter part of her note will, however, be attended to.*

Errata in our Museum for January last.

Page 36, line 6: for *heart*, read *husband*.
....37, line 18: for *vache*, read *cache*.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
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SEP

Ridley sc

The MARGRAVINE of ANSPACH

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